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JUNE 1989

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Dear Friends and Well-wishers,

I will like to share with you some of the problems that have been disturbing my mind for the past few months. You have always treated CHANDAMAMA with trust, love and affection. As the publisher of the magazine, am I doing justice to this kindness of yours? It has been our sincere effort to cultivate a healthy reading habit in the young—by giving them a taste of the splendours of their literary and cultural heritage, through stories, and features narrated in an easy style as well as an abundance of useful general knowledge. We will never compromise on the content, but as you must have observed, the quality of the paper we are using is no longer the same. We do not know how much the values of honesty and patriotism have gone up in our national life, but the value of paper, in recent years, have continued to sky-rocket.

Have I disappointed you by changing over to the standard newsprint which is relatively less expensive and which is available according to demand, but which is devoid of glitter? The change was necessary in order to check the sale-price of the magazine from going up. You must have observed how so many publications are obliged to enhance their price. If we have to resume using the glazed paper, we have to increase the price twofold. But, I believe, the content is more important than the appearance and we will never slacken our zeal to improve on the content. I hope my thinking has your approval.

Yours sincerely,

B. Viswanathan
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Vol. 20 JULY No. 1

- * Nehru becomes a national leader: The Saga of Nehru through pictures.

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धर्मक्षयकरः क्रोधस्तस्मात् क्रोधं विवर्जयेत् ।।

*Krodho mulamanarthanam krodhah samsarabandhanam
Dharmakshayakarah krodhastasmāt krodham vivarjayet*

Anger is at the root of all that is undesirable. It enslaves one to the world and destroys one's piety. Hence give up anger

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HAPPY READING TO YOU!

With this issue the English Chanda-mama completes its 19th Year. In the course of this year in its life, it has started giving you a General Knowledge Supplement which, we are sure, is treasured by you.

We are pleased to announce that from the next issue, the 1st issue of the magazine's 20th year, we will bring you a thrilling novel, fragrant with the air of the fairytale world—a fresh ray of sunshine into your reading hours.

Thoughts to be Treasured

We have to build up this great country into a mighty nation, mighty not in the ordinary sense of the word, that is, having great armies and all that, but mighty in thought, mighty in action, mighty in culture and mighty in its peaceful service of humanity.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

NEWS FLASH



THE MAN WHO COLLECTS LIGHTNING!

It sounds unusual. Yes, Richard Riediger of Germany collects the grains of sand struck by lightning and turned into glass. He gathers them as they are. They look like the strings of lightning we see in the sky.

THE CITADEL OF MONKEYS

Beneath the cool shade of towering pines on a steep hill-top not far from Simla, there is a shrine of Hanuman. The monkeys may not have much to do with Hanuman of the Ramayana, but thousands of monkeys are fed here from the offerings of fruit, sweets and peanuts left by the devotees of Hanuman.

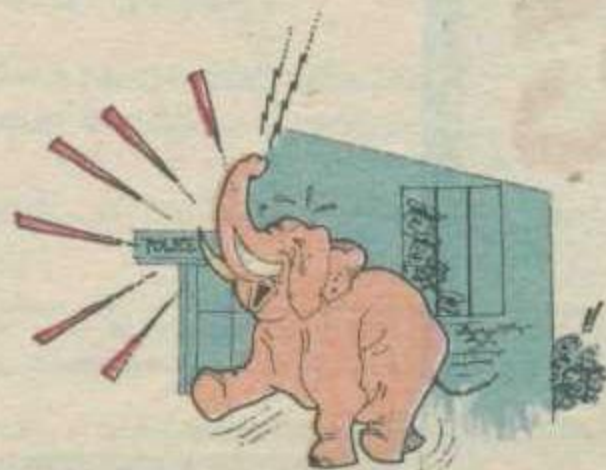


INVASION BY BUTTERFLIES

You have heard about invasion of villages, towns and cornfields by billions of locusts. But have you heard about any invasion by butterflies? For reasons unknown, millions of butterflies blinded the pedestrians and drivers in the town of Dargaz in Iran.

JUMBO TO THE MAHOUT'S RESCUE

An elephant offered a kind of Satyagraha in front of a police station in Madurai. It was because its mahout had been taken into police custody for collecting money through the elephant in a busy market area. The elephant blocked the doors of the police station making all inside prisoners. The police released the mahout and the elephant moved away with him trumpeting in triumph.





STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(Siddhartha moved from teacher to teacher and place to place, determined to learn the meaning of life, death and the sorrows which befall man. At last he reached a place called Uruvela on the river Niranjana.)

THE ENLIGHTENED ONE

Siddhartha had learnt several methods of meditation from his two famous guides. He practised them in the charming and quiet grove on the river, sitting in the same position for hours at a stretch. If sometimes he experienced a deep peace within, sometimes he had a touch of joy the like of which he had never

known amidst the pleasures of the palace.

Not far from the grove, five mendicants were camping in a hut abandoned by some fishermen. They were looking for a spiritual teacher who would tell them how to find God. They too tried to meditate when they were not out for collecting alms from





the nearby villages. They observed Siddhartha and felt attracted towards him. They had never seen a man who looked so radiant for his zeal, so steady and concentrated in his meditation. "When he achieves what he is seeking, we will offer ourselves as his disciples" they decided among themselves. "Meanwhile, let us serve him to the best of our ability."

By turn one or two of the five mendicants would always stand guard on Siddhartha. If it rained or if the sun was very severe, they would hold a palm-leaf umbrella over his head, for Siddhartha seldom took note of the changing moods of Nature around him.

The mendicants would place fruits and drinking water before him. He would take them occasionally and smile compassionately at those who served him. That would encourage the mendicants.

Siddhartha continued to experience peace and bliss for longer stretches of time, but that did not satisfy him. He was looking for a much greater experience, which would show him the way to liberation from the sufferings of life. He decided to go very deep into his consciousness. For that he must forget his body altogether. "Thank you, friends, but do not bring me any food hereafter," one day he told the mendicants softly. "Know that I do not care for my body. I do not wish my body to make any demands on me."

The mendicants were highly impressed by Siddhartha's words. But they continued to be in their hut and keep an eye on Siddhartha. As days passed, Siddhartha grew extremely emaciated and weak. He could hardly sit erect. He could change his position or move from the shadow of one tree to that of another only with great difficulty.

One day, while walking

towards the river, he fell down and fainted. A boy who was passing by with his herd of goats, saw him. He fetched palmfuls of water from the river and sprinkled it on Siddhartha's face. Siddhartha opened his eyes. The boy understood that the hermit had been famished. He squeezed milk from the udders of mother-goat into Siddhartha's mouth. Siddhartha sat up and blessed the boy.

Not a week or a month or even a year, but six years had passed since Siddhartha had experimented with many ways of meditation, but always disregarding the needs of his body. Now he decided to change his attitude. The body must be kept fit enough for bearing the rigours of Sadhana.

The people of the nearby village had been familiar with Siddhartha's figure, though they had never talked to him. They had a feeling that he was a great soul; they wished they could serve him. Among them was Sujata, the daughter-in-law of a wealthy house. She had remained childless for long. Once, looking at Siddhartha from a distance, she said in a silent prayer, "O noble one, surely you are nearer



to God. Grant my prayer; let me be blessed with a child."

She became a mother. She firmly believed that it was the blessings of the hermit of the grove which had fulfilled her desire. She learnt from the goat-herd boy that the hermit did not object to be fed with a little milk. She made bold to prepare some delicious dishes. With two of her maids following her with the food-stuff, she went to the grove carrying her child and bowed to Siddhartha. Siddhartha blessed her child and ate the food she humbly placed before him, neither with reluctance nor with eagerness.

But the five mendicants who

observed this change in Siddhartha's conduct concluded that he was now a fallen saint! "If he could not reach his goal in the hard way—how can he get there by the easy way, by enjoying good food? There is no hope of our benefitting from him. We must look for our guide elsewhere," said one of them. The others agreed and they left Uruvela.

Siddhartha would go into the village once a day and stand in front of a house. The people were only too happy to give him food. He would then return to the grove and pass his time in rest or reflection. In a few days he had gathered enough strength to sit for another deep meditation.

A full-moon night was approaching. Siddhartha felt that now his body and mind were balanced well with each other. He sat cross-legged under an Aswatha tree and was soon lost

in a trance. As hours passed, he realised that a great wisdom was flooding his consciousness. Like a grand sunrise dispelling darkness, he felt that all his doubts and queries were disappearing. In their place he had the knowledge that man can get over his bondage to suffering. If one can give up one's desires and arrive at a serene state of love and compassion for all, without the slightest selfish motive, without an iota of hatred or violence in one's mind, one can be liberated from the cycle of birth and death and all the sufferings between the two events. Along with the knowledge, the power to pass the knowledge to others also came to Siddhartha

By dawn, Siddhartha emerged as the Buddha—the Enlightened one.

—To Continue



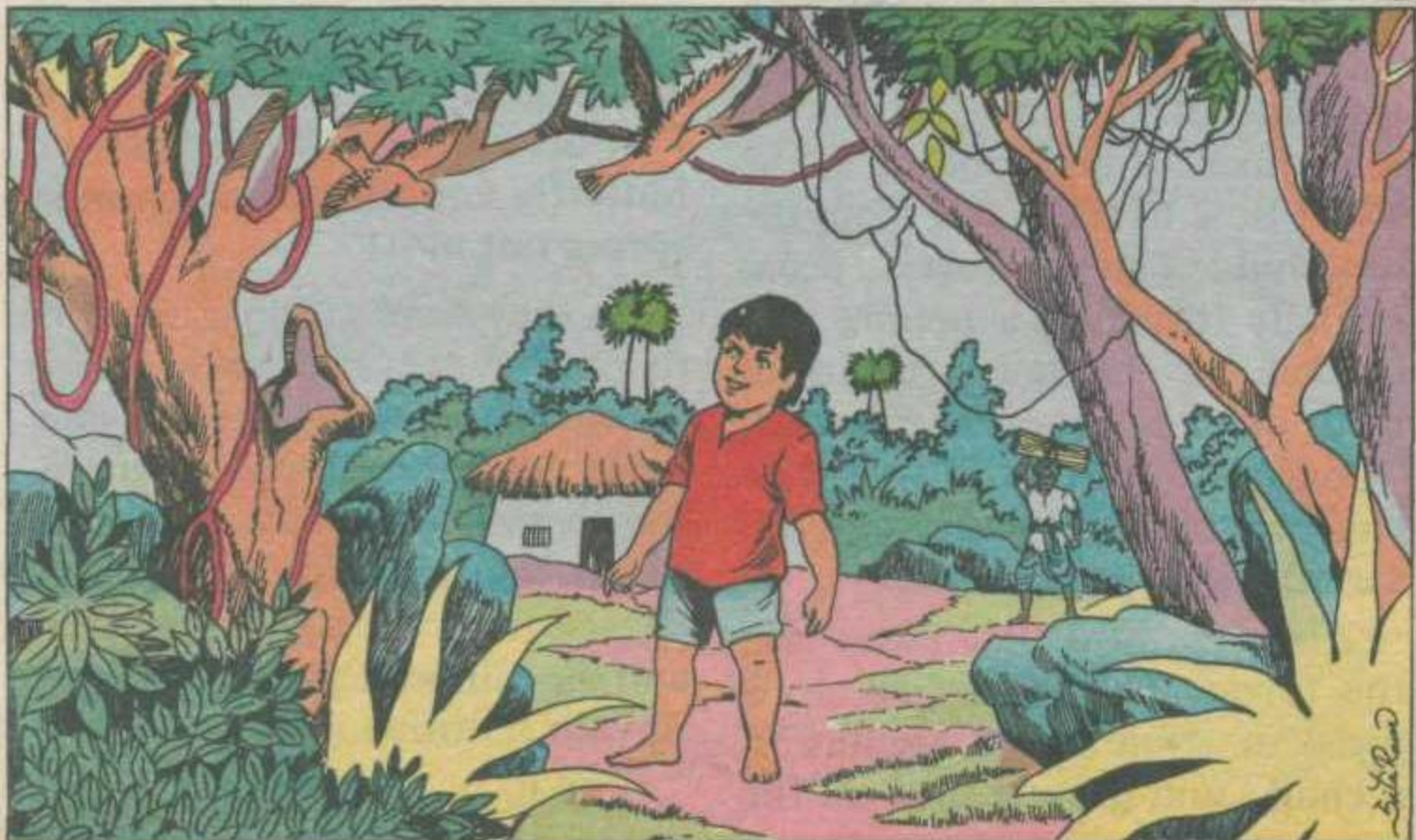
THE TIGER WITH THE MOST WONDERFUL TAIL

A strange creature was seen in the forest of Lalitbans. Can you say what it was? No, not one of those rare animals about whom you might have read in some general knowledge book. In fact, it was a tiger, but a tiger with a difference.

That was of course long ago. Yes, long ago when forests used to be very large. Close to the forest of Lalitbans lived a little boy, Shyam. His father spent most part of the day in the forest,

gathering herbs and roots and fruits. His mother, when she was not cooking or doing some other household chores, visited the nearby villages to sell what her husband had gathered.

Shyam had all the time in the world to do what he liked. And he liked to roam about along the frontiers of the forest, for his parents had asked him not to enter the forest. He would gaze into the deep green, at times dark forest, thinking of the many





interesting things which it contained.

A rivulet flowed by the forest. On its bank was a hillock with a cave. Shyam passed much of his time in the cave, sitting or lying inside it and looking at the sweet flow of the water from the hills hidden in the forest, occasionally throwing a pebble into it. One day he saw a beautiful bird circling over the water. "Come here bird, will you?" he called. But the bird appeared too serious to respond to him.

After the bird flew away into the forest, Shyam picked up a piece of stone much similar to a chalk, and drew a bird on the

floor of the cave. He had hardly finished drawing it when a live bird popped out of the drawing and hopped once or twice and chirped, looking at Shyam. Its eyes twinkled joyfully.

"Are you surprised?" asked the bird.

"I am, indeed!" confessed Shyam.

"This cave has some magic in it. You draw the picture of a bird or beast on its floor and it would spring to life. But only birds and beasts, mind you, nothing else. Don't think that you can draw the picture of lovely fairy and she would come to life and marry you," said the bird.

"I see!" said Shyam, "In any case, I am not very good at drawing. If I try to draw a fairy, I'm afraid it will resemble a butterfly and that is what would spring out of it!"

As they were talking, it began to rain. A traveller rushed into the cave for shelter. The bird flew away. Shyam followed it, unwilling to part company with it so soon. But the bird had disappeared from his sight. The wind and the rain were growing strong. Shyam returned to the cave.

"Hello boy, you have drawn

this bird, have you? You have talent for drawing, I must say. For your information, I am an artist, a famous one. Look here how I draw ”

The traveller drew Shyam's attention to his drawing which he was about to complete. The moment Shyam recognised the subject of the drawing, he cried out in horror, "Please, please don't!" Shyam at once began erasing the picture—the picture of a tiger! But it had been a bit too late. He had erased just the tail when the tiger sprang up to life and gave a roar!

The traveller gave out a shriek and ran away. Even the tiger looked shocked at the abomin-

able sound. Then it growled and said, " It is raining, is it? Even then let me have a look at the forest."

It went out. Shyam felt that it was a gentlemanly tiger and it meant no harm to him. He sat there, musing on his strange experience. After an hour he heard the tiger's growl. It was back, but its face betrayed disgust.

"What happened to my tail?" it asked, its voice almost cracking with sadness.

Shyam became conscious of the fact that the tiger had emerged from the drawing without a tail, because of his erasing it.



"Why, tiger dear, can't you do without a tail?" asked Shyam with curiosity.

"How can I? All the other tigers in the forest laughed at me! I felt like dying with shame!"

Shyam felt very sad at the tiger's humiliation. "What did you tell the other tigers?" he asked.

"I told them that I have the most wonderful tail at home. They demanded that I prove my claim. I said I will. But I will never go out to show my face to them—for I cannot show my tail!" said the tiger remorsefully.

"You will have the most wonderful tail," said Shyam. "Just wait."

The rain had stopped. Shyam had some colours at home. He

fetches them and adds a very colourful tail to the drawing. As he gave it a finishing touch, a very colourful tail sprouted on the tiger too.

"You have the most wonderful tail on earth," said Shyam.

"Although I cannot see it, I believe you," said the tiger with satisfaction. It ran into the forest once again.

When it met Shyam the next day, it was all smiles. "The tigers of the forest have accepted me as their king. All creatures with tails—from the squirrel to the elephant, admit that they had never heard about anything like my tail even in fairytales! Thanks a lot," it told Shyam who felt as happy as the tiger.

— *Devapriyo*



A MEMORABLE WORK

Bodhan Singh had many influential relatives in the court of the king. He managed to get the position of an administrator and he was sent to Jaipatna.

Within a few months the people of Jaipatna were fed up with Bodhan's conduct. The fact is, Bodhan knew nothing of the laws and rules of administration. But he was eager to pass on as a great administrator. The respectable people of the area secretly informed the king about his total inefficiency. The king recalled him to the capital.

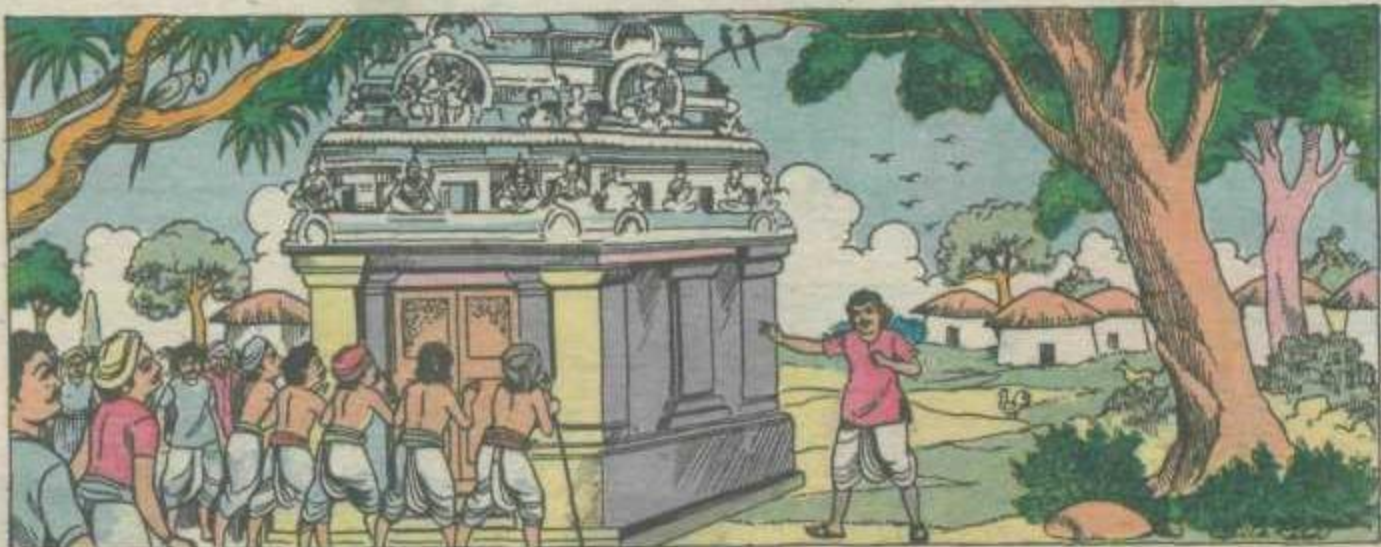
"How can I go away without doing something memorable for Jaipatna? My predecessor had built a temple. I wanted to demolish it and build a new one," said Bodhan.

The people were scared. Someone proposed, "Sir, that will be a time-taking work. If you shift the temple backward by two feet, it will be equal to building a new temple."

Bodhan appreciated the idea. People were summoned to push the temple backward. Bodhan put his turban on the ground to mark the spot to be touched by the temple. The people pretended pushing the temple. After a while someone said, "Sir, has it gone up to your turban?" Needless to say, they had removed the turban.

Bodhan saw the turban gone! "You fellows pushed it a foot or so more than necessary. My turban was buried under it!" he exclaimed.

The people of Jaipatna had preserved the turban for a long time to tell the story to others.



TALES FROM MANY LANDS: (BURMA)

THE PRINCESS AND A DISPUTE

In olden days there was a princess in Burma who was famous for her sound sense of judgment. People came to her from far and near with their complaints. She resolved their conflicts with such honesty that even if one party was displeased with her judgment, it could not say that she was wrong.

One day the princess received three unusual complainants brought by a young man. They were a mongoose, a cat and a dog. They were the pets of the

young man. Before putting forth their complaint, the young man narrated its background:

The young man had brought the mongoose from a fellow who had caught it for fun and was tormenting it. The cat, which had been abandoned by its master, had been brought home by the young man. The dog's old master was very cruel to him. The young man had taken pity on it and had brought it too. He looked after his pets well and loved them very much.

One day the mongoose was



wandering in the forest near the young man's home when it saw a shining little gem in the hollow of a tree which was a snake's shelter. He carried it to his master. The young man was delighted. Holding the gem, he said, "I wish I had a beautiful house fit enough to keep this gem!"

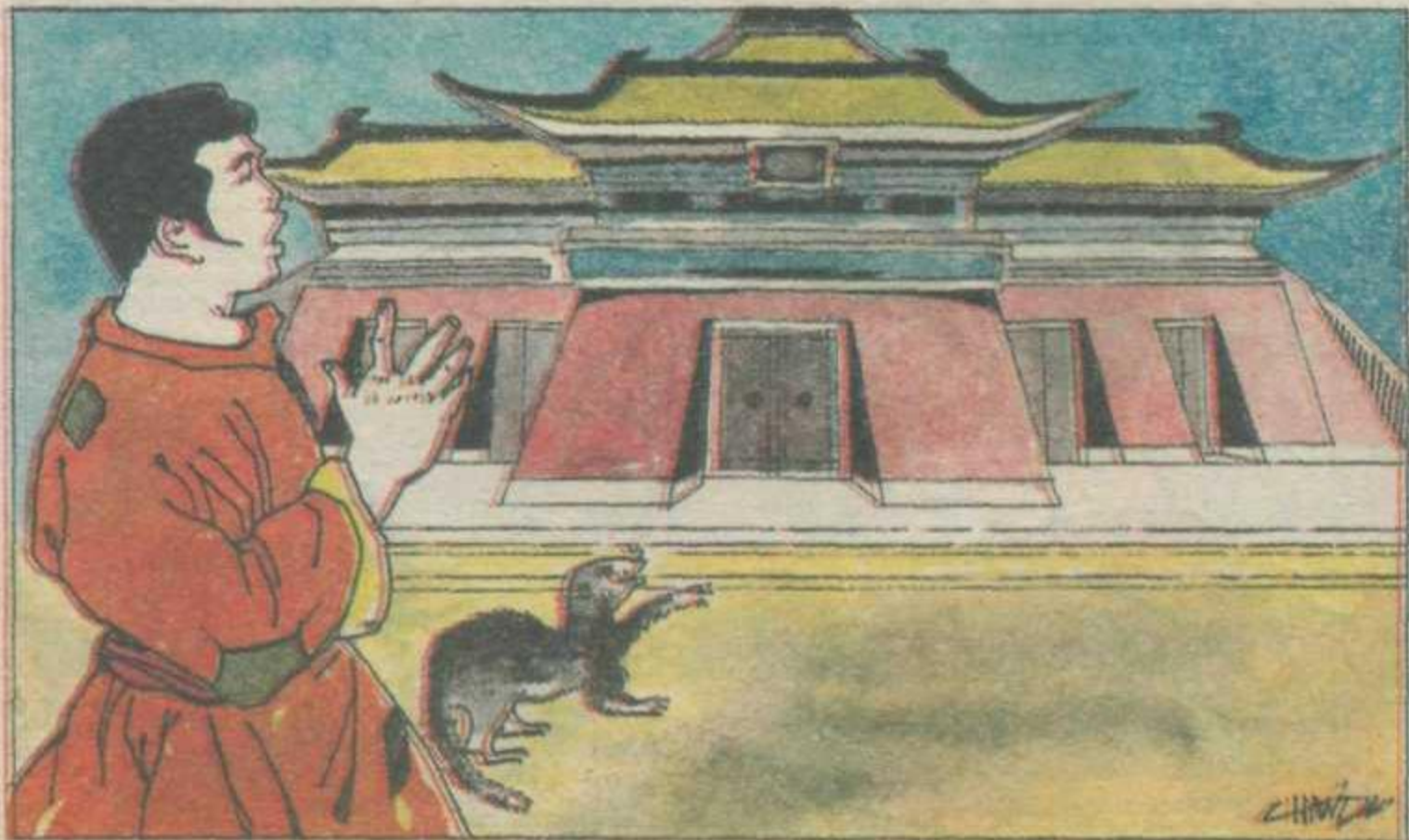
Lo and behold! A magnificent house appeared in place of his hut in the twinkling of an eye. The young man felt dazed at first. But he realised that the gem was a wish-fulfilment stone. It is capable of giving him whatever he wished to have.

He had a desire to marry the landlord's daughter. In fact, the

girl too would like to marry him. But since he was poor, nobody dared to bring up the proposal. Now hundreds of people flocked to see the house that had appeared miraculously. They marvelled at it. The news of the grand house reached the landlord. He came himself to offer his daughter's hand in marriage with the young man.

The marriage was performed and the young man looked forward to a peaceful and happy life with his wife and the three pets. Alas, that was not to be.

The young man had set the little gem on a ring and wore the ring so that the gem would



always be with him. Now, his wife had an uncle who was very wicked. While he ushered everybody's ill, he gave the impression as if he wished everybody's well-being.

One day he met his niece, the young man's wife and just sighed, saying nothing.

"Why do you look sad, Uncle?" asked the young lady.

"Who would not be sad to see that your lucky days are almost over?" commented the nasty fellow and sighed once again.

The young lady was surprised. "Why, dear Uncle, why do you think that my lucky days are over?" she asked.

"My daughter, does your husband love you as he used to love?" asked the fellow.

"Of course, he does!"

"I don't think so. Can you prove it to me? Can you persuade him to let you wear his ring for a day?" provoked the fellow.

"I believe, I can!" said the young lady. In the evening she asked her husband to be allowed to put on the ring for a day.

"Why for a day, my dear? You can wear this forever! But make sure that nobody takes it from you. As you know, this is a wish-fulfilling ring," warned the young man as he handed over the ring to his wife.



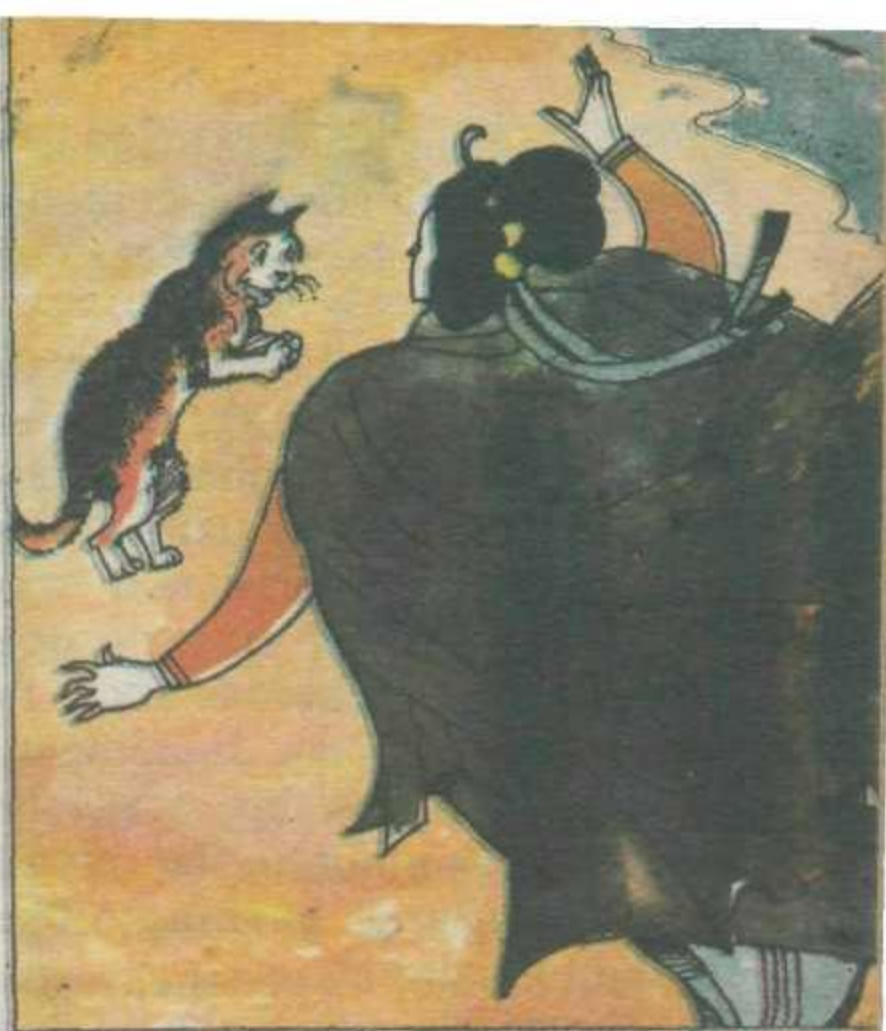
Next day, the proud girl stretched her fingers before her uncle to show the ring to him.

"I am so happy, my child! But is it the same ring? Can I see it?" said the fellow cunningly.

The lady forgot her husband's instruction and handed over the ring to her uncle. The fellow held it between his teeth and wished to become a bird. Before the lady's eyes, the bird flew away, holding the ring in its beak!

Instantly the palatial house disappeared. The young lady fainted to see that she was inside her husband's old hut. The young man returned from the market and found out what had happened. "Let us not cry over the spilt milk," he told his wife. "I love to work. I will work and earn enough for us and our pets."

But the pets were very unhappy at their master's misfortune. The cat went out in search of the wicked uncle. The uncle had meanwhile wished to have a palace amidst the sea. He had that and was happy to dwell in it. The cat heard about it from some birds. It was a moonlit night. The cat, strolling on the sea shore, saw a sea-nymph. "O nymph! How beautiful you are!" it said.



"Thank you. Can I do anything for you?" asked the nymph.

"I wonder if you can lead me to that palace in the water," said the cat.

"I can make a bridge for you using the moonlight," said the nymph. Next moment a solid silver bridge was there. The cat reached the palace and saw the old man asleep. As the ring sat tight on his finger, he had taken it out and kept it near his pillow. The cat stealthily extended its paw and drew the ring and holding it between its teeth, crossed the bridge and ran to its master.

The young man's happiness knew no bounds. He built his palace once again and began to live happily.

But one night a bandit entered his house, ready to kill him and take out the ring from his finger. Because the young man's dog never barked, the bandit was hardly aware of it. Now the dog acted just when he was about to stab the young man. Jumping up and clinging to his neck, he started biting him in the throat, growling and barking. The bandit fell dead.

The young man woke up and saw how the dog had saved his life. He fondled the dog for long.

Now, among the pets, there were frequent quarrels, because each one claimed that it had served its master better than the other two. That is why their master led them to the princess.

"Between the services of the mongoose and the cat, the cat's service was more valuable. It is because the mongoose discovered the gem by chance, but the cat recovered it with a great deal of planning and courage. Now, between the cat and the dog, the dog's service is more valuable because it not only prevented the bandit from taking away the ring, but also saved its master's life!" said the princess. Then she added, "But what is important is, you all three are noble. If the situation so demanded, the mongoose would have done what the cat or the dog did and the cat would have done what the other two did. And, since your master treats all three of you equally well, you all are equally valuable," said the princess. The creatures went away happy.





"BABUJI'S SON"

There were few people in the large village of Padmapur and even in the nearby villages who had not been obliged to Jagat Roy for one reason or another. If he paid money to some at the time of their dire need, he gave courage to some others when they faced a crisis. If someone was sick, Jagat Roy was by his side, either speaking soothing words to him or making arrangements for his treatment..

He was popularly known as Babuji. The very word Babuji brought consolation or happiness to many. The sound of the horses of his carriage was a music to many ears. But the carriage was almost a public vehicle. Whoever needed it, be it for a bridal procession or for carrying a patient to the hospital in the town, Babuji's carriage was at his disposal.

One day Babuji took to bed. The fever he had caught did not subside despite all efforts of the physicians. One afternoon, when he was alone, he called his son, Shekhar and said, "My son, I am departing from this world. I am leaving behind me a valuable property for you..."

"Father, I know. You are leaving a rich estate of lands and groves and a fine house for me," said Shekhar, interrupting his father.

"They are not so valuable. The truly valuable thing I am leaving behind is the love and trust of the people. Preserve them with care. Nothing is a bigger asset than them," said Babuji and he closed his eyes forever.

The entire area was plunged in sorrow at his death. Most of the villagers felt like orphans. They told Shekhar that their sympathy



and support will always be with him.

But before long the people understood that between the father and the son there was a difference of heaven and hell. While everybody at Padmapur was ready to help Shekhar, he was not willing to help anybody. What was worse, he was rude and most unkind to the villagers. But the people pardoned him thinking of his father.

One day Raghu, a poor villager, was employed by Shekhar Roy to repair his thatch. Raghu's daughter was seriously ill. Urgent summons came to him from his home. But Shekhar would not

leave him. "I have hired you for the full day and you have said that you will complete the work by evening. Do so and go home only then," Shekhar told him.

By the time Raghu managed to finish his work, it was already dark. He rushed home only to find his daughter in a critical condition. He called the village physician, but the physician said that the girl can be saved only if she is carried to the hospital in the town.

It was midnight. Raghu ran to Shekhar's house and knocked on his door. Shekhar woke up from his sleep, opened the door and asked angrily, "What business have you to disturb my sleep? Have I not paid you for your day's work?"

"Sir, kindly allow me to use your carriage to carry my daughter to the town. She is in a serious condition..."

Shekhar slapped Raghu and slammed the door before Raghu had completed his appeal. Raghu went back home, stunned. His daughter died before his eyes.

Shekhar Roy became the target of Raghu's wrath. Mad with fury, he went to the king's deputy and said, "Sir, Shekhar Roy gave a slap to my daughter and that killed her!" The king's

deputy had a grievance against Shekhar. He said, "I will pass orders to put the fellow behind the bars if the villagers testify to his cruelty."

He summoned some villagers. They said, "Sir, we have not seen Shekhar Roy slapping Raghu's child, but we can say that Shekhar Roy is capable of such cruelty."

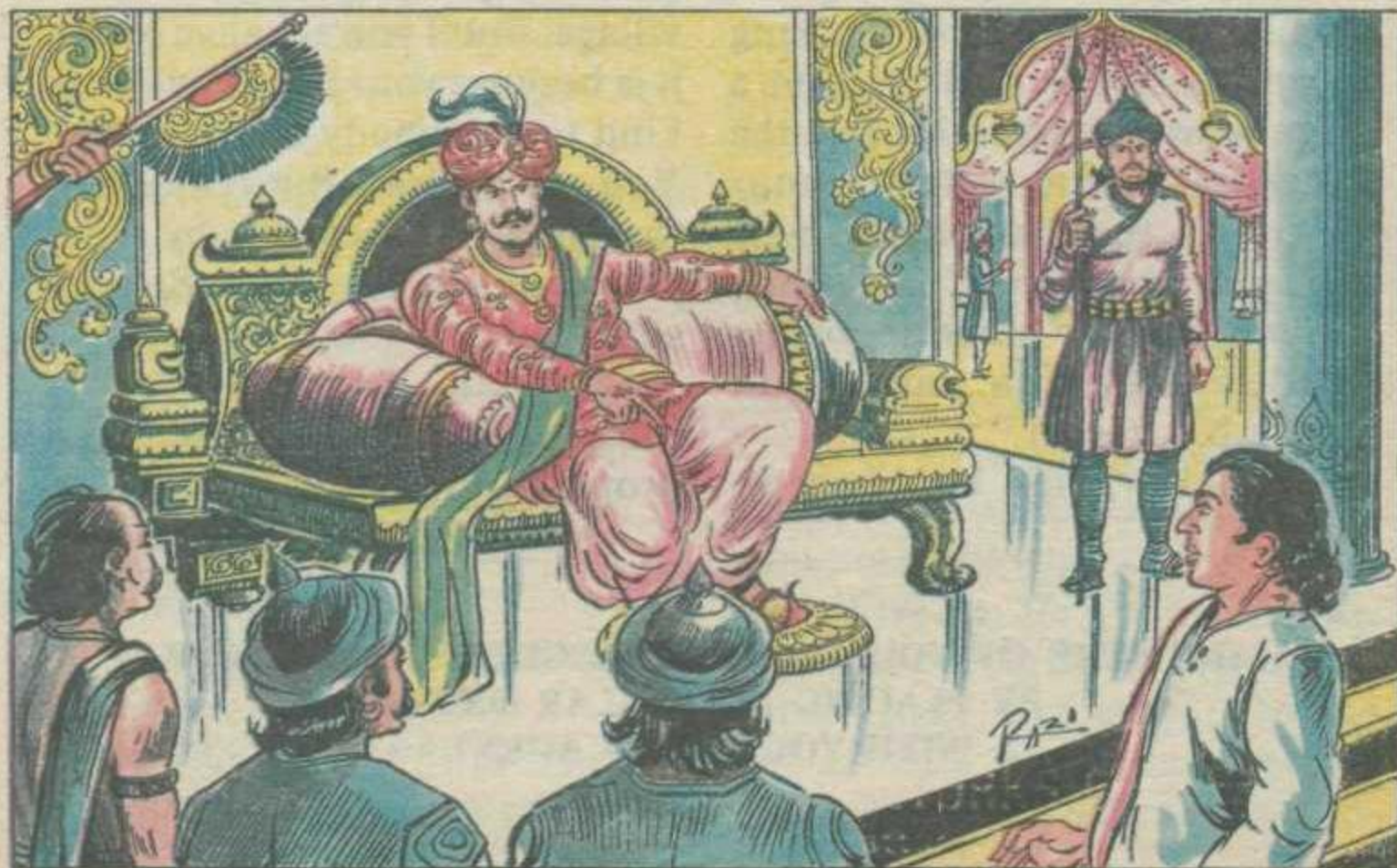
"That is enough. I will punish the fellow. I order that..."

But a maid-servant came and whispered a word in the ears of the king's deputy. He stopped and went inside his house. His wife told him, "How do you forget Babuji's kindness towards

us? Don't you remember how one day our son was bitten by a snake and Babuji himself carried him to a tantric-physician and got him cured? You were then a minor official and not the king's deputy. How can you punish Babuji's son?"

The king's deputy nodded and returned to the court and told Raghu, "You better report the matter to the king."

Raghu repeated his complaint before the king. The king summoned the villagers. They too repeated their statement. But one villager who had been unjustly insulted and beaten up by Shekhar Roy, came forward and said,





"My lord, I have seen Shekhar slapping the innocent girl."

"Very well. Shekhar Roy is to be hanged until he dies," the king ordered.

The hangman was to execute Shekhar Roy in the morning. But he sent word that he was sick. Ten days passed. The hangman did not report for work. The king became suspicious. He put on a disguise and roamed around the hangman's house. After an hour he heard the hangman's wife telling her husband, "How long can you stay at home reporting yourself sick? You have to do your job, after all."

"I shall rather be hanged

myself than hang Babuji's son. How can I forget that Babuji had once saved my life?" replied the hangman.

The situation was clear to the king. He called Shekhar Roy and said, "Look here, young man, you have been most unkind to practically everybody in your village. But if you are alive today, it is because your father had been kind to everybody in the village. You are set free. But remember, the one who is set free by me is not Shekhar Roy, but Babuji's son."

Shekhar Roy shed tears remembering his father and promised to be a better man.

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THE WAVES OF ANGER

Luck smiled on Dhanagupta all on a sudden. His business brought him much profit. He built an impressive mansion and employed a few servants.

One day his childhood friend, Ramesh, visited him. Dhanagupta received him happily and looked into his comforts. He asked his servant Sudhakar to make the guest-room spic and span.

"Have you done everything necessary?" Dhanagupta asked Sudhakar while ushering Ramesh into the guest-room.

"Yes, sir, I've done all that is necessary," replied Sudhakar.

"Have you placed a jarful of drinking water in the room?"

"I have done so, sir."

"Have you put the mosquito-net on the guest's bed?"

"No, sir, should I put it now?" Sudhakar asked politely.

Dhanagupta flared up. "Don't talk like an idiot! Must you ask me about it? You deserve to be skinned alive. As if the night is years away that you have to ask me whether to hang the mosquito-net now or not! Get out, you fellow, get out of my sight!"

Sudhakar quietly went away. Dhanagupta looked at Ramesh and smiled and said, "Oh these servants! They are a hopeless lot. They deserve to be thrashed!"

"My friend," said Ramesh in a calm voice, "Is it necessary to rebuke them in this fashion?"

"It is necessary, my friend. Look here, we cannot rebuke our superiors, the king or the ministers. If we do, they will crush us. We should not rebuke our equals. If we do, they will become our enemies. We cannot rebuke our wives and children. If we do



there will be no peace at home. Then whom to rebuke?" asked Dhanagupta.

"What about the sentiments of the servant? Will he not nurture a grudge against you?" asked Ramesh in turn.

Dhanagupta laughed and said, "Ramesh! It is extremely easy to pacify a servant. Just watch." Dhanagupta then summoned Sudhakar. The servant came and stood before him with his head hung.

"Sudhakar, you didn't mind my harsh words; did you?" asked Dhanagupta affably.

"Oh no, sir, it is your right to take me to task," said Sudhakar

with humility.

"You know how busy and worried I remain on account of my business. That is why sometimes I cannot control my temper. Now, come here, buy some sweatmeats for your children," said Dhanagupta, handing out a silver coin to Sudhakar.

"You are so noble, sir!" said Sudhakar, accepting the coin.

After Sudhakar left, Dhanagupta laughed and told Ramesh, "Did you see? Ha ha! I know the minds of men as well as I know my fingers!"

Ramesh did not say anything. The day passed peacefully. Next day when the two friends were coming into the house after a stroll on the river-bank, they heard a shrill voice coming from the servants' quarters: "You idiot! You deserve to be skinned alive. Get out of my sight!"

The two friends peeped in. There was nobody in the room but Sudhakar.

"Whom are you taking to task?" Dhanagupta asked.

Sudhakar felt awkward, but said, "To the merchant who sold us the rice. The rice is mixed with dirt and pebbles!"

"But where is he?"

To this, Sudhakar had no answer.



The two friends came out. Ramesh then told Dhanagupta, "Did you see? Your gift of a silver coin did not really pacify him. He was agonised over your rebuke. He too must take it on someone. At the moment his target was

invisible. But he could have burst out on his wife or child too. That is why, best thing is to give peace to others, not fury. Just as anger is contaminating, peace also is contaminating."

Dhanagupta understood.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE PRECIOUS FACE



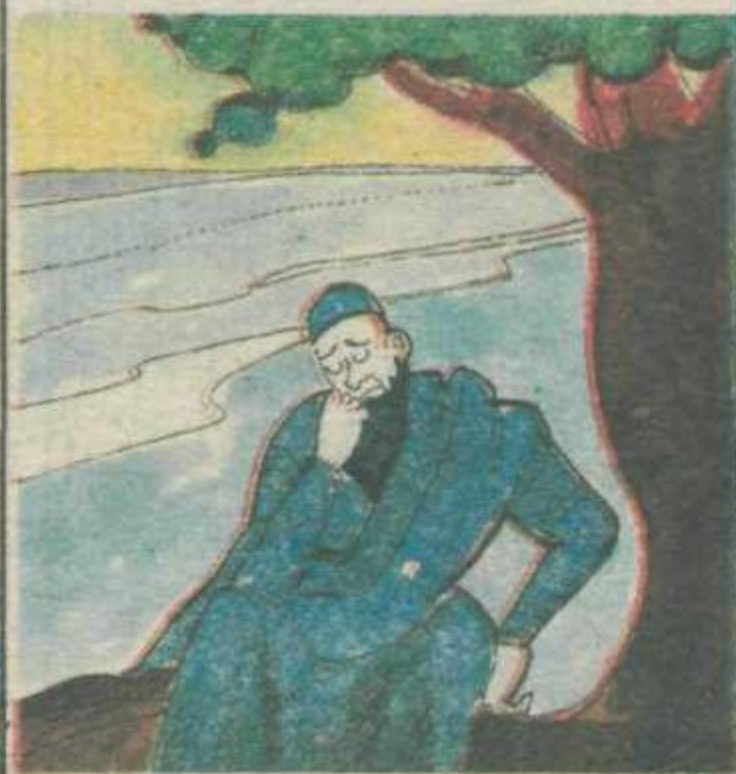
Once the emperor decided that the portraits of all his courtiers will be permanently exhibited in a hall. A courtier asked a painter to draw his portrait.

The painter was promised a hundred gold coins if he could draw the portrait to the courtier's satisfaction. The painter poured himself on his canvas.



The painting was completed. But the courtier found one fault with it or another and refused to pay. He wanted to possess it free.

When time and again the courtier turned out the painter, the painter became frustrated. He wept, sitting alone on the banks of the Yamuna.



Birbal happened to pass by. He observed the painter and found out from him what the matter was. Birbal told him what he should do.



The painter met the courtier and said, "Sir, here is how you can see your picture without any fault." He held a mirror before the courtier.

Next the painter said, "So far as the exhibition hall is concerned, I have painted another portrait of yours." He showed him the picture of a man with a donkey's head.



The courtier immediately paid the hundred gold coins to the painter and agreed that the portrait he had done earlier was excellent.



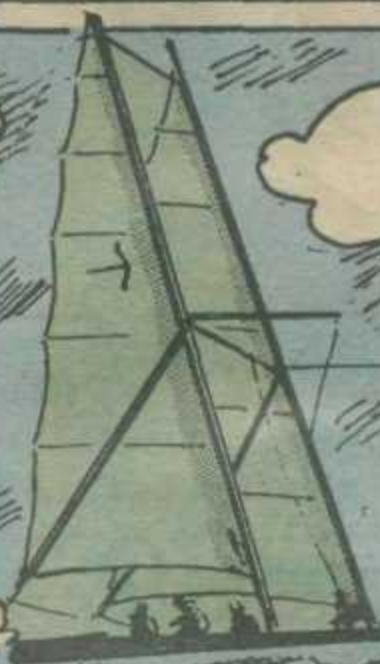
OLDEST GRAND PRIX WINNER



THE OLDEST GRAND PRIX WINNER WAS ITALIAN **TAZIO NUVOLARI**, WHO, AT THE AGE OF 53 YEARS AND 240 DAYS, WON THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX AT ALBI IN 1946.

THE FASTEST SAILING BOAT IN THE WORLD IS THE **PROA, CROSS-BOW II**, WHICH IN 1978 REACHED A SPEED OF **45 KNOTS** (51 MPH — 83 KM/H)

Fastest sail boat



18 YEARS — UNBEATEN

AUSTRALIAN **HEATHER McKAY**, WOMEN'S SQUASH RACKET CHAMPION, HAD NOT LOST A MATCH FOR 18 YEARS FROM 1962.



Chandamama Supplement - 8

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE
MONTH FROM HISTORY



GURU HARGOBIND

Born on 14th June 1595 at Wadali in Amritsar district of Punjab, Hargobind became the Guru of the Sikhs at the age of eleven! But he showed surprising maturity and prudence in his decisions and conduct.

He wore two swords, one symbolising his worldly power and the other symbolising his spiritual power. He raised an army and trained it himself. Conflict with the Mughal Emperor was a frequent affair. He was imprisoned in the fort of Gwalior for a while and then set free.

One day, in 1628, he was hunting in a forest near Amritsar when Shah Jahan too came there for hunting. A conflict arose between the two parties, resulting in a fight. Shah Jahan's party was defeated. The Guru knew that the Mughals will come to take revenge. He strengthened his army. Two or three times he confronted the Mughals and defeated them every time. He then shifted to Kiratpur in the Himalayan foothills. There he passed time organising the Sikhs and also explaining philosophy to them. He passed away on the 3rd of March, 1644.

WHO IS HE?

The king had ordered for a great temple to be made. Twelve hundred craftsmen worked for twelve years and made it. It was a magnificent monument. At the time of tide the sea surrounded the temple.

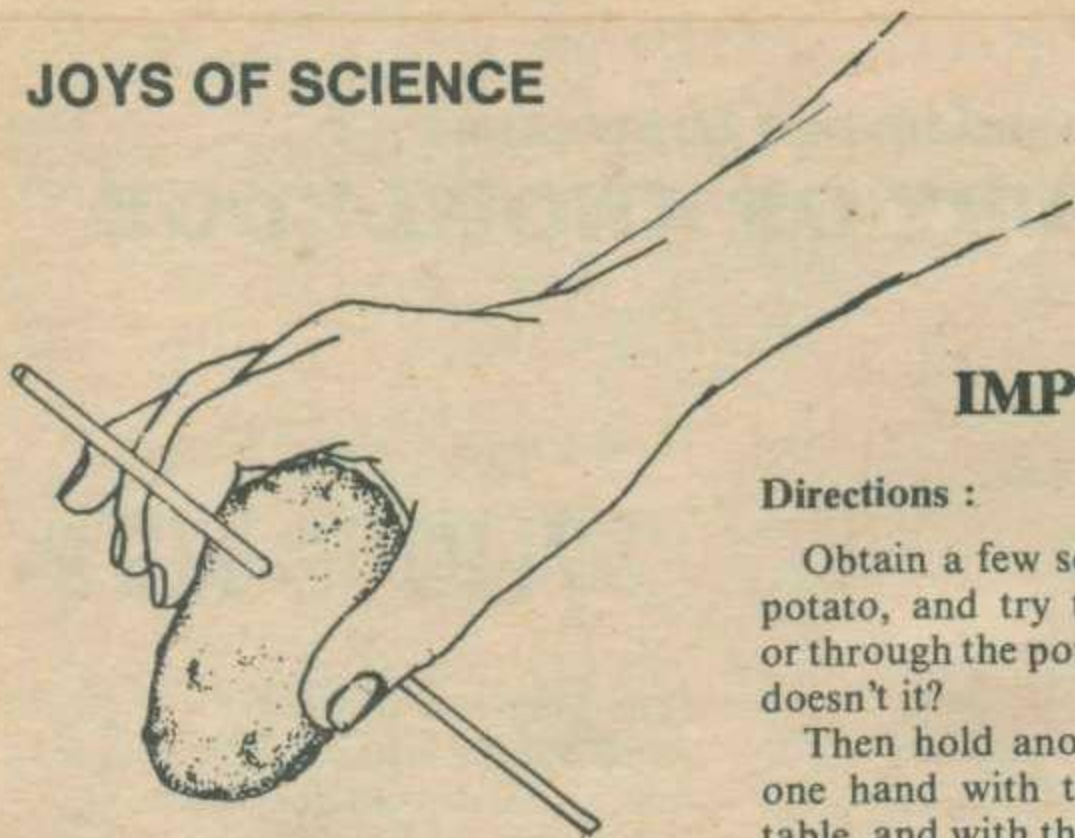
Only the crown of the temple remained to be set. But that was to be done in a very special way, not as they did in other temples. Unfortunately, the chief craftsmen had forgotten the formula through which it was to be done.

A little boy had come to the site to meet his father. He was barely twelve, but had read all the books on temple-building. He told the craftsmen how it should be done. Accordingly, it was done. But the boy heard some craftsmen whispering among themselves, "What will the king say when he would learn that a little boy could achieve what we all failed to achieve?" The boy was very sensitive. It was full moon night. The sea had encircled the temple. He climbed to the top and jumped into the waters and disappeared.

Who was the boy in this legend?

See Page No VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE



IMPALED!

Directions :

Obtain a few soda straws and a raw potato, and try to push a straw into or through the potato. The straw bends, doesn't it?

Then hold another straw upright in one hand with the bottom end on a table, and with the potato in your other hand, strike the upper end of the straw a sharp blow with the potato. *Be careful! Don't let the straw go into your hand!*

What happens and why :

If the straw is struck squarely with the potato, the potato will be impaled on the straw. But if the straw is not struck squarely, it is likely to bend and may not go into the potato. Even so, with practice, the straw can be caused to go completely through and stick out on both sides of the potato.

Actually, the straw has considerable strength when it is struck squarely. Therefore, with the bottom end of the straw against the table, the straw will resist moving. Since the potato is softer than the end of the straw it strikes, the straw enters the potato when it is struck a hard blow.

Can you cause the straw to go completely through the potato? After some practice, you should be able to do this easily with a hard, sharp blow.

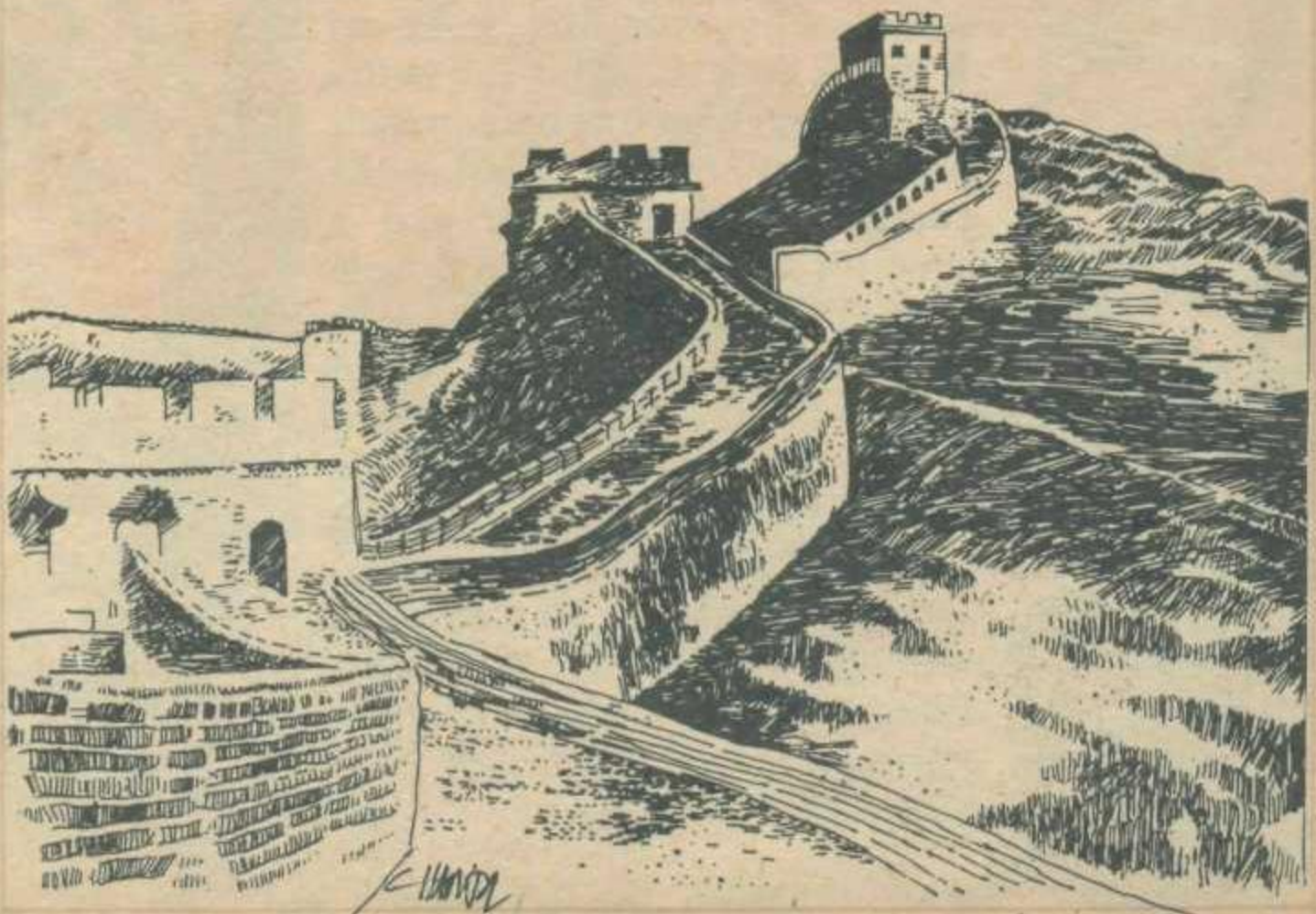
If you have two potatoes and hold the straw firmly against the top of one that is on the table, can you strike the top of the straw with the second potato and cause the straw to enter both potatoes at once? Try it!

Can you cause a straw to go into a potato by striking the potato with the straw?

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

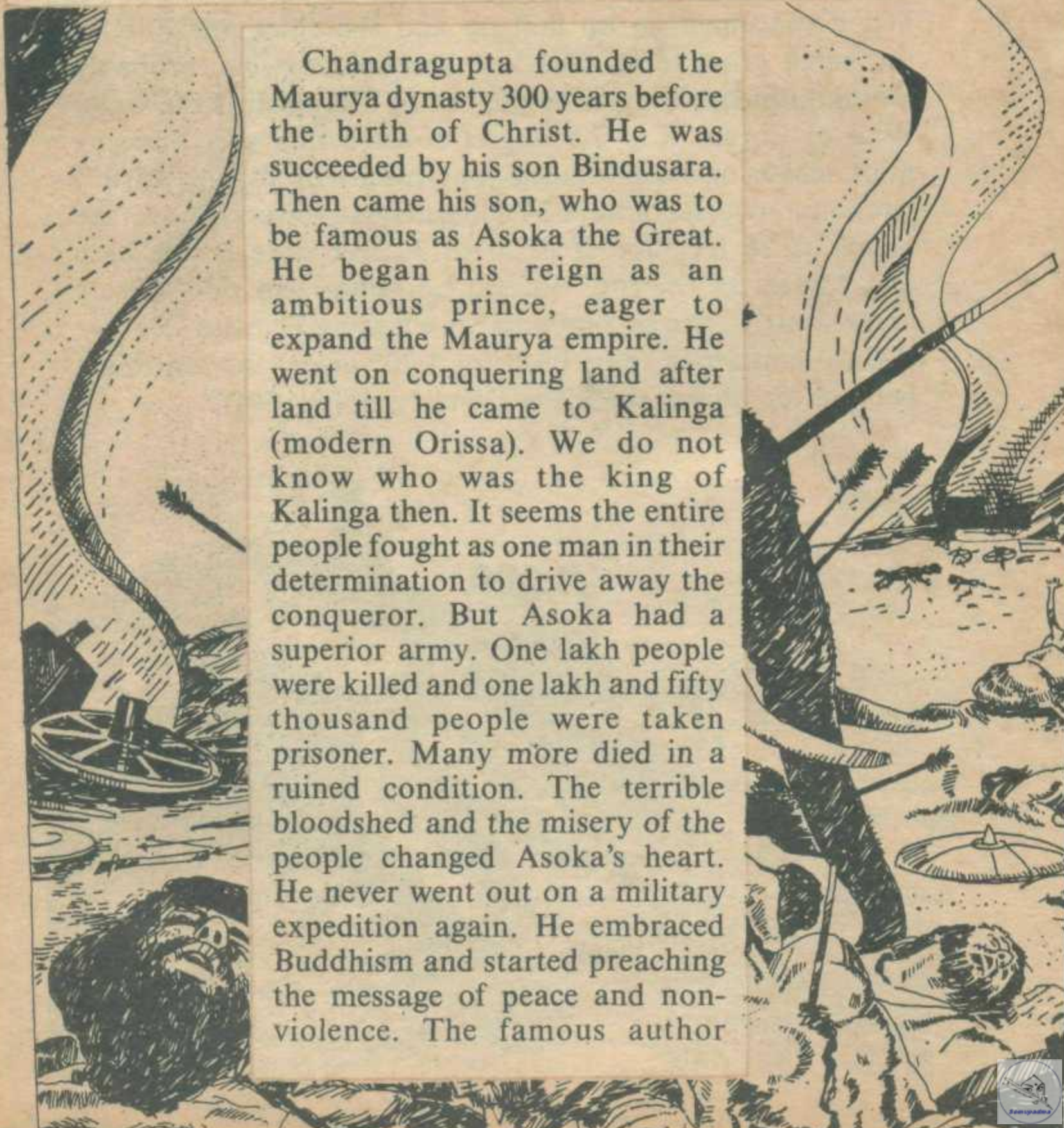
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

When spacemen go up and up and the cities and hills, of the earth grow faint and then become invisible, probably the monument that will be the last to disappear is the Great Wall of China. It is the largest construction ever done by man, covering 1,500 miles, one-twentieth of the earth's circumference. It contains 24,000 gates and towers. Its average height is 25 feet and it is 20 to 30 feet wide at the base and 15 feet at the top. Several horsemen can ride abreast on the wall. Begun by Emperor Shih Hwang Ti in 3rd Century B.C., it continued to be built for 1,700 years, the last touch being given during the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644).



GREAT EVENTS OF THE WORLD

THE WAR THAT GAVE A GREAT BOOST TO PEACE



Chandragupta founded the Maurya dynasty 300 years before the birth of Christ. He was succeeded by his son Bindusara. Then came his son, who was to be famous as Asoka the Great. He began his reign as an ambitious prince, eager to expand the Maurya empire. He went on conquering land after land till he came to Kalinga (modern Orissa). We do not know who was the king of Kalinga then. It seems the entire people fought as one man in their determination to drive away the conqueror. But Asoka had a superior army. One lakh people were killed and one lakh and fifty thousand people were taken prisoner. Many more died in a ruined condition. The terrible bloodshed and the misery of the people changed Asoka's heart. He never went out on a military expedition again. He embraced Buddhism and started preaching the message of peace and non-violence. The famous author

H.G. Wells, says, "Amidst the tens of thousands of monarchs that crowd the columns of history... the name of Asoka shines, and shines almost alone, a star."

The Kalinga War had been fought at a place known as Dhauri, on the Daya river, near the city of Bhubaneswar. Asoka's message of peace is inscribed on a hillock there.



LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST



1. Which ruined fort bears the memory of three illustrious women?
2. Who are they?
3. What happened to Meerabai at the end?
4. Who is the other woman-saint to whom the same thing happened?
5. Which prince a little earlier than Gautama Buddha, renounced his kingdom and revived a great religion?
6. Where was he born?
7. Which famous king died of starvation?
8. Who subjected him to that condition?

See Page No VIII

THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. How long can be a chameleon's tongue?
2. What is the most widely used vegetable in the world?
3. What is the world's rarest plant?
4. Which of your known animal is absolutely dumb?
5. Which one is the most used letter in English language?
6. How many bones are there in your body?
7. What is the rate at which your pulse beats?
8. What is the pulse-rate of an elephant?
9. How heavy can a polar bear be?
10. Which is the fastest creature on four legs?

See Page VIII





1. Which Mughal prince was a scholar on Indian scriptures?
2. What is the title of the book written by Ramdas, the guru of Shivaji?
3. What is the title of the oldest Sanskrit dictionary?
4. What is the title of the scripture of the Sikhs?
5. Who compiled it?
6. What does it contain?
7. Who was the first recipient of the Bharatiya Jnanpith Award?
8. In which language did he write?
9. Who is the contemporary Indian writer who became blind at the age of 4?

See Page No VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL INDIAN LANGUAGES

—SOUTH—

Sanskrit : *Dakshina*, *Abachi*; Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Assamese and Oriya : *Dakshin*; Kannada : *Dakshina*; Punjabi : *Dakshan*; Urdu : *Junub*; Kashmiri : *Jonub*; Sindhi : *Dakhnu*; Telugu : *Dakshinamu*; Tamil : *Terku*; Malayalam : *Taikkun*.

DO YOU BELIEVE ?

- * That Sunday is a holiday for all?
- * That no month can pass without full-moon?
- * That the largest pyramid is in Egypt?

OH, NO!

- * For Greeks it is Monday, for Persians it is Tuesday, for Muslims in general it is Friday and for Jews, Saturday.
- * February. 1866, passed without a full moon. Such a phenomenon can occur after two and half million years, once again.
- * The largest pyramid is in Mexico, built in the first century with bricks and earth. It covers 45 acres and is 177 feet high. The Egyptian pyramid of Cheops of course is the tallest (480 feet), but covers only 13 acres.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Dharmapada

HISTORY

1. Chittorgarh.
2. Rani Padmini, Meerabai and Dhatri Panna.
3. She is believed to have merged with the image of Krishna at Dwaraka.
4. Andal of Tamil Nadu. She is believed to have merged with the deity Ranganathaswamy at Srirangam.
5. Mahavira revived Jainism in the sixth century B.C.
6. Vaisali.
7. Bimbisara, the King of Magadha.
8. His son, Ajatasatru.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. As long as its body or even longer.
2. The onion.
3. It is a kind of silversword plant which grows on the extinct volcano crater on an island in Hawaii.
4. The giraffe.
5. 'E'
6. Two hundred and six.
7. At the rate of seventy-five per minute in the case of an average healthy person.
8. Twenty-five per minute.
9. It can weigh up to 1000 pounds.
10. The cheetah. It can run 70 miles per hour.

LITERATURE

1. Prince Dara Shukoh.
2. *Dasabodha*.
3. *Amarakosha*.
4. *Adi Granth*.
5. Arjan Mal, the fifth Guru.
6. The verses by Guru Nanak and his three successors and verses by Hindu and Jain saints.
7. Poet G. Shankar Kurup
8. Malayalam.
9. Ved Mehta. He lives in the USA.



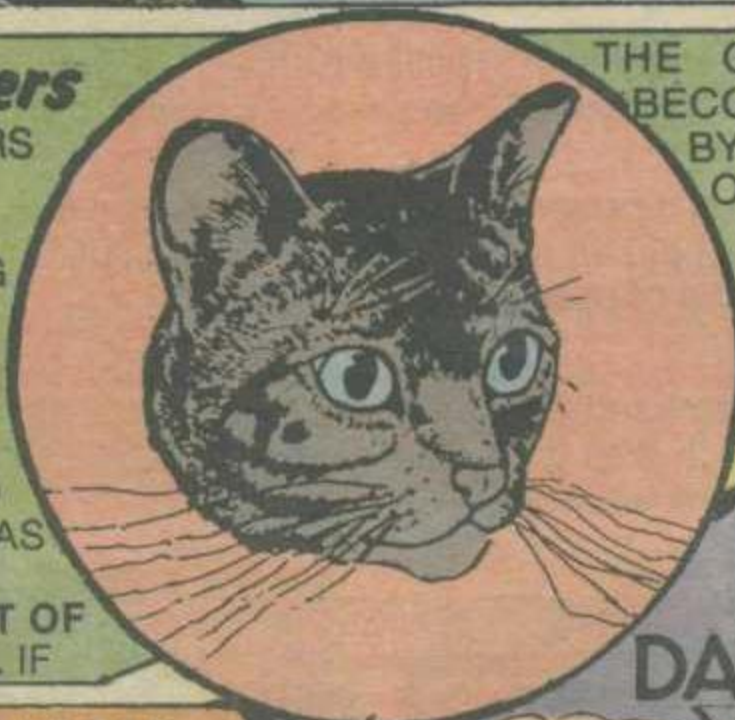


BINTURONG

THE **BINTURONG** ALSO KNOWN AS THE **BEAR CAT**, IS THE ONLY OLD WORLD MAMMAL TO HAVE A **PREHENSILE TAIL**.

Cat's Whiskers

A CAT'S WHISKERS ARE **TACTILE ORGANS** USED FOR ESTIMATING THE WIDTH OF OPENINGS BEFORE ENTERING. THE WHISKERS, MEASURED TIP TO TIP, ARE AS WIDE AS THE **BROADEST PART OF THE CAT'S BODY**. IF



THE CAT'S WHISKERS BECOME COMPRESSED BY THE SIDES OF AN OPENING, THEN IT IS TOO SMALL FOR THE ANIMAL TO PASS THROUGH.

MOST DANGEROUS

BECAUSE OF ITS UNCERTAIN TEMPER, THE **AFRICAN OR CAPE BUFFALO** IS SAID TO BE THE **MOST DANGEROUS** OF ALL WILD ANIMALS. WITH ITS HEAD LOWERED LIKE A **BATTERING RAM** IT CAN **CHARGE AT 60 KM AN HOUR**. IT STANDS **1.5 M HIGH AT THE SHOULDER**, WEIGHS A **TONNE** AND HAS GREAT HORNS THAT SPAN AS MUCH AS **1.4 M**. ALL THIS MAKE IT SO **FORMIDABLE** THAT EVEN **LIONS** GIVE IT A **WIDE BERTH**.



A BANDIT'S DISCOVERY

This happened at Shivpuri early in this century. Someone gave tender knocks at midnight on the doors of Harikant Rao's house. Rao opened the door. At once a bandit, brandishing a knife, pushed his way into the house.

"Tell me where you have kept your money, or I'll kill you!" said the bandit in a menacing tone, looking at Rao and his wife. They were uncertain what to do. Suddenly their son, Kumar, came out from the adjacent room and opened a box and said, "Here is cash. Take it, please!"

The bandit found a bagful of money and picked it up. Then looking at the boy with curiosity, he asked, "What made you show me the money?"

"I spoke the truth, that is all!" replied Kumar.

"Truth? Has truth any value?" he asked cynically.

"It has. In this case, it proved as valuable as the lives of my parents! You would have harmed them for mere money! If you will be truthful, you too can spare so many people of their fear and anguish!"

The bandit stood amazed. He then handed over the bag to the boy and left the house in silence, but as if he meant to say, "I came for money, but I got something much more valuable."





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I do not know what has inspired you to come out into this desolate place at this unearthly hour of the night. Whatever be it, are you sure that you will remain firm in your mission till the end. Such is the nature of kings and princes that they change their minds when least expected. Let me give you the instance of Prince Jayant of



Jaipatna. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: King Viswanath Dev of Jaipatna one day called his son, Prince Jayant, into the royal chamber for confidential discussions and said, "My son, it is time you get married. I want my daughter-in-law to be a kind-hearted and good-natured girl. I don't care whether she is a princess or not."

"I understand, Father. But have you chosen any girl for me?" asked the prince with humility.

"No, my boy, not yet. But, yes, one girl comes to mind. She is the daughter of my friend, King

Prabir Singh of Katyayan. I had seen her when she was a little girl and I had liked her immensely. She should make a good queen in the future," replied the king, laughing and asked, "Will you like to proceed to Katyayan and live in my friend's palace for a few days and observe the princess?"

"Father, that is a good idea. But please permit me to proceed there not as Prince Jayant, but as an ordinary traveller. I would like to find out all about the princess without revealing my identity to the king or the people of Katyayan," said the prince.

"I observe that my son has inherited my spirit of adventure!" said the king, laughing. "I grant you my wish. But two bodyguards must go with you. Needless to say, nobody need know that they are your bodyguards," said the king.

After a week, Prince Jayant and his two bodyguards proceeded to Katyayan. That was a nice little city, at the foot of a hill. They found out a good inn and took on rent two of its rooms. The prince occupied one room and his bodyguards occupied the adjacent room. They told the innkeeper that they were planning to set up a business in the

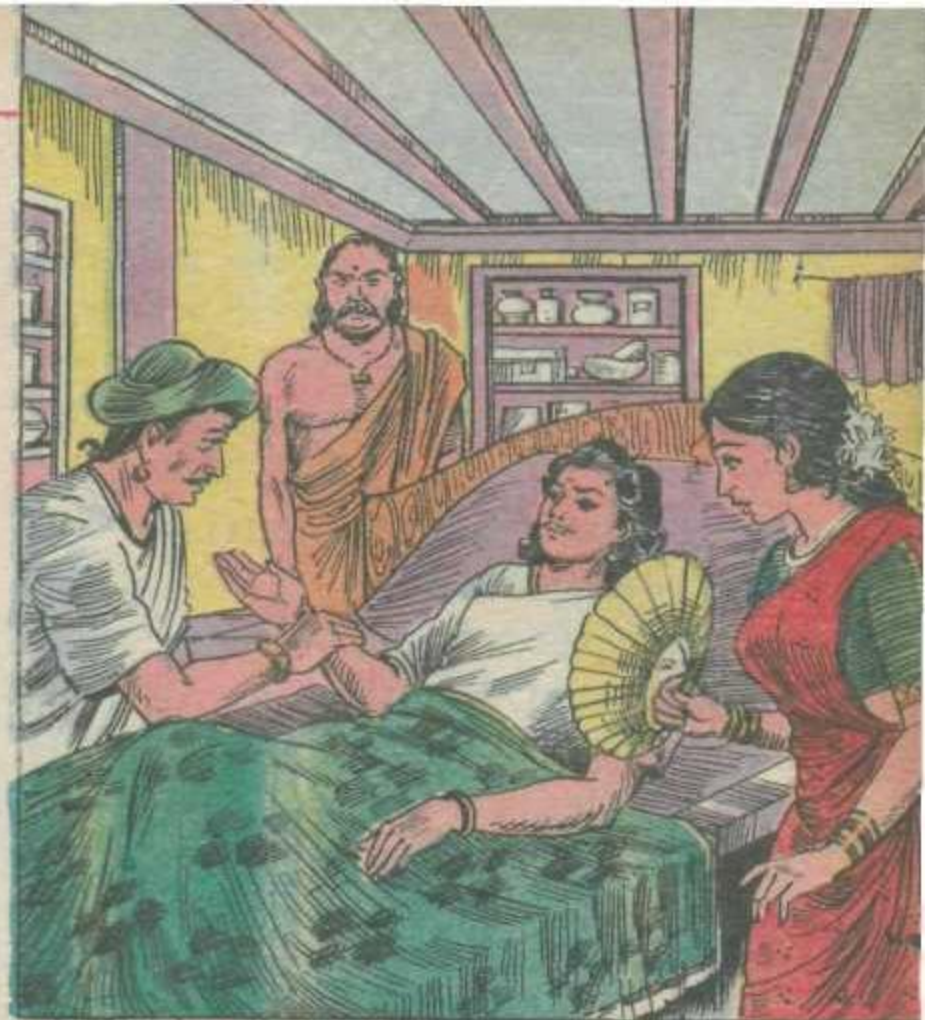
city and they wished to discuss their project with some local merchants.

Unfortunately, the prince caught fever the very next day. The innkeeper, who was very noble by nature and who had taken a liking for the prince, took him home for better care and proper treatment. The two bodyguards remained at the inn, but at the beck and call of the prince. They met the prince everyday.

The prince's fever grew worse. The innkeeper called the best physician in the city. He diagnosed the illness and said, "The patient needs constant care and supervision. He must be given medicine hour by hour throughout the night. Otherwise, the illness may prove fatal."

The innkeeper had lost his wife, but his daughter, Madhumita, stood up to the occasion. She sat beside the patient for night after night, forgetful of all her personal comforts, and treated him as advised by the physician. It took the prince ten days to recover from his illness. But he was very weak and he needed rest for a fortnight.

He had begun to depend on Madhumita for everything during his illness. He found Madhu-



mita to be highly sensible, cultured and kind-hearted. What is more, he understood that Madhumita loved him very much.

One day, when he was fully well, he asked Madhumita, "Do you know any member of the royal family of your city?"

"I know all of them intimately. In fact, I am a personal companion of the princess. It is my pleasant duty to attend on her for an hour or two every day in the evening. I have not been to her for the last so many days because of you," said Madhumita.

"Good. Can you find out one thing for me, Madhumita? I want to know if the princess has set her

heart on anybody," said Prince Jayant.

Madhumita raised her eyebrows. "Why? Why do you want to know her secret?" she asked.

"You see, the prince of Jaipatna is my friend. There is a proposal for his marriage with Princess Madhumita. The prince had once told me only if he could find out whether or not the princess had made any choice of her own! If not, Prince Jayant could entertain the proposal," said Prince Jayant.

"I will find out the truth and tell you in a day or two. Let me resume paying my visits to her," said Madhumita.

Madhumita started going to

the palace after a break. The next day, when she returned from the palace, she saw her father anxiously waiting for her.

"My daughter!" said the inn-keeper in a suppressed tone, "Do you know who our guest is? He is none other than Prince Jayant of Jaipatna. His two bodyguards who are lodged in my inn confided this fact to me.!"

"I see!" said Madhumita. Instead of showing any excitement, her voice sounded dull.

"I wonder why he came to our city posing as a trader," said the inn-keeper.

"Father, I know why. He wanted to find out whether our Princess has any weakness for



anybody or not. In fact, he asked me to find this out. If she does not have any specific inclination to marry anyone else, he would marry her."

"And what did you find out?" asked the father.

"The princess has no such inclination for anybody."

"But I know how friendly she is with the prince of Mahindrapur and also with the prince of Vagyeshwar. You must speak the truth to our guest!" said the inn-keeper.

"Father, I will speak the truth, I assure you," said Madhumita.

The inn-keeper was happy. Madhumita went into the prince's room and said, "I have found out about the princess. No, she has not set her heart on anybody. You can tell your friend, the prince, to entertain the proposal of marriage with her. I can assure you that she is as beautiful as she is good-natured.

"Thank you. But the prince has set his heart on somebody else," said Prince Jayant.

"Who is she?"

"Madhumita."

As Madhumita blushed, the prince told her that he would like to marry her, if she and her father



consented to it.

Needless to say, Madhumita and her father consented to it and Prince Jayant and Madhumita were married.

The vampire paused for a moment and then in a stern voice challenged King Vikram to answer his questions: "O King, Madhumita loved Jayant, without knowing that he was a prince. Now that she knew who he was she should be more keen to marry him.

Why then did she disobey her father's advice? Why did she not report to Jayant that the princess was friendly with two other young men? Secondly, it is evident that Jayant had decided to

marry Madhumita. Why then did he ask her to find out about the mind of the princess? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Madhumita was truthful. Once she knew that Jayant was a prince, she rightly thought that it would be natural for him to marry a princess. The princess of Katyayan might have been friendly with some young men. That does not mean that she loved one of them. As an intimate companion of the princess, Madhumita knew that the princess had no such inclination towards anybody. Of course she could have said as her father wanted her to say and thereby discredited the princess and improved her own chances of marrying the

prince. But that would have been a kind of betrayal towards the princess. She was too honest to do that.

"Now about your second question. Jayant's bodyguards would not have disclosed his identity to the innkeeper without a hint from him. And he knew that the innkeeper would pass on the fact to Madhumita. The prince wanted to find out how truthful Madhumita was—whether she spoke anything that would go against the princess in order to improve her own chances of marrying him or not. He was satisfied that Madhumita was really noble."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





SAGA OF NEHRU (8)

In March 1926, Jawaharlal took his wife, Kamala, to Switzerland because she was very sick. Their daughter, the little Indira, accompanied them. The change improved Kamala Nehru's health.

While in Europe, Jawaharlal had the chance to meet several Indian revolutionaries who were living in exile. Among them were Shyamji Krishna Vera, Raja Mahendra Pratap and Madame Cama.



Motilal Nehru joined Jawaharlal in Europe in 1927. All of them went to Moscow, to attend the 10th anniversary celebrations of the Czarist Russia's change into Soviet Union. It was a rewarding visit.



Jawaharlal returned to India before the Congress session in Madras towards the end of 1927. He was the Secretary of the Congress and he moved the resolution demanding Independence of the country.

The same year the British Government sent a Committee under Sir John Simon to see how the constitution worked in India. The Congress wanted some Indians to be in the Committee, but the Government appointed only Englishmen as its members.



The Congress decided to boycott the Committee known as the Simon Commission. Wherever the Commission went, the Indians showed them black flags and shouted, "Simon, go back!"

People who protested against the Simon Commission at Lahore where led by Lala Lajpat Rai. A young English officer headed toward Lalaji and struck his baton on his chest several times. Lalaji fell down.



Lalaji was a highly revered leader. This brutality on him angered all the Indians. Lalaji died a few weeks later. It was widely believed that the beating caused his death. Jawaharlal believed that the shock hastened his death.

Jawaharlal organised demonstrations in Lucknow protesting against the Government's ban on all processions. He was beaten on the back twice by a mounted policeman.



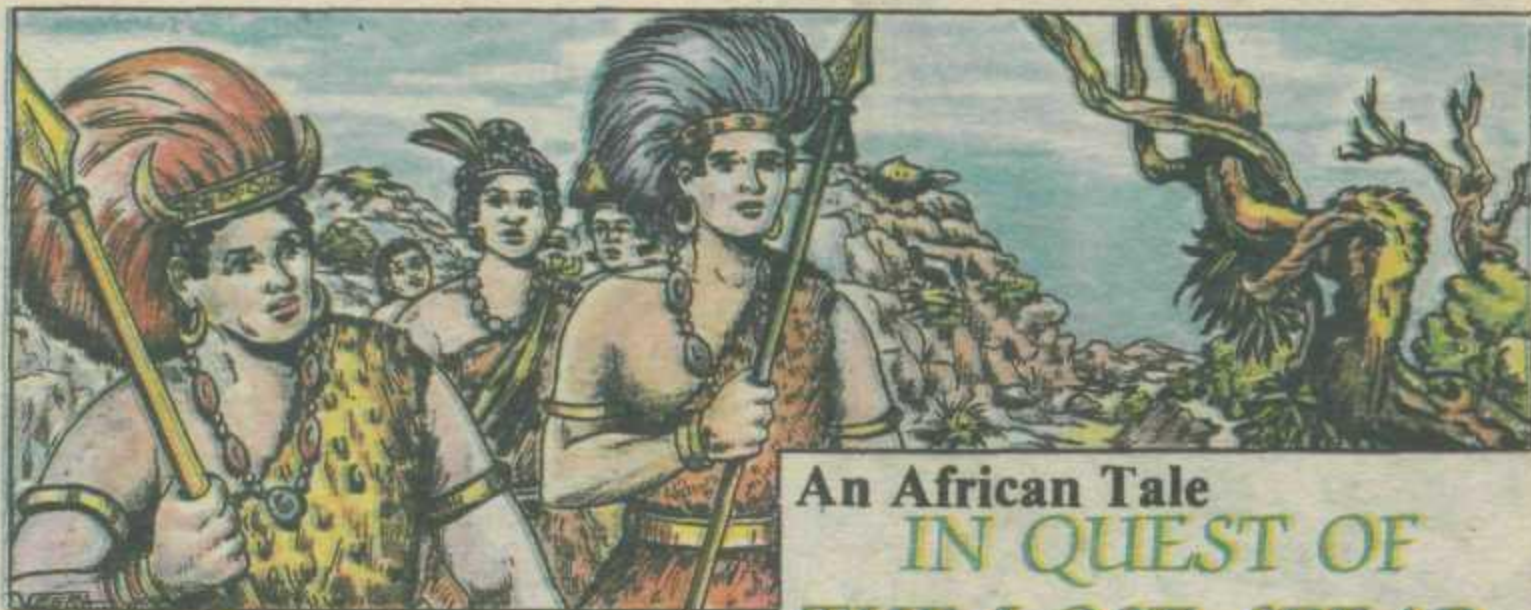


Next day Simon Commission arrived in the city. Jawaharlal led a large demonstration against it. A mounted police regiment confronted the peaceful demonstrators and beat them up mercilessly.

Jawaharlal received several blows once again. His friends carried him away despite his determination to stand and bear the blows. The brutality of the British police was reaching new heights.



The death of Lala Lajpat Rai, the greatest leader of Punjab and the brutality of the foreign rulers made Bhagat Singh strike against the British. He became a martyr.



An African Tale IN QUEST OF THE LOST SPEAR

There is a tribe in the interiors of Africa which follows some strange practices. If two brothers have two sons, they would exchange the boys. That is to say, each would adopt his nephew as his son. And they would never till the soil. They would depend on fruits and roots provided by the forest and of course the meat of the animals they kill.

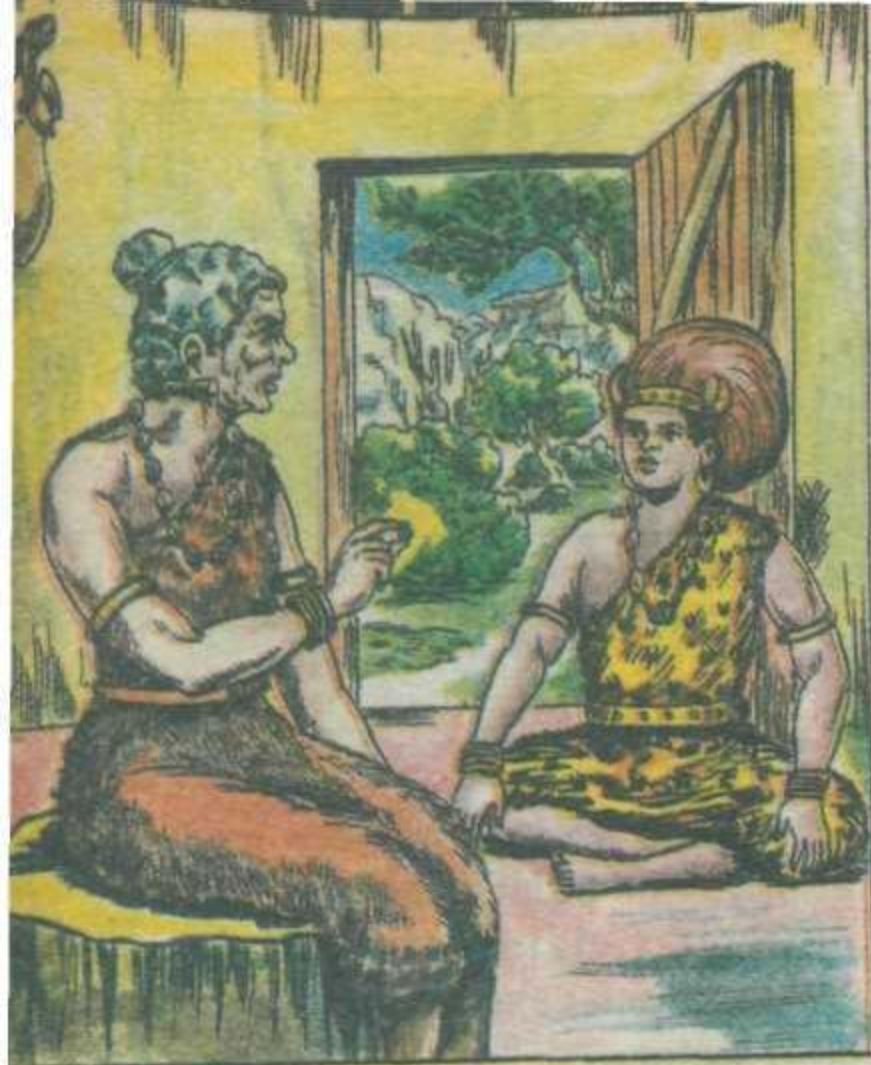
This is the legend behind such practices:

Long long ago all the members of the tribe lived together. Soon their number became so large that they had to scatter all over the forest. Podhu and Orub were two brothers bound by a very strong bond of affection. The two brothers and their wives moved deeper into the forest and settled down at the foot of a hill. They put in much labour and tilled the soil and raised a crop. They had

few needs and they were quite happy. The palace had a number of fruit-yielding trees and a spring which gave them clean and cool water.

One day Podhu was not at home when Orub saw a horde of elephants ransacking their crop. There was no time to lose. Orub picked up a spear and hurled it at one of the elephants. The elephants stopped eating the crop. They seemed surprised. Then they trumpeted and left the field. But along with them was gone the spear Orub had thrown. It had remained stuck to its target's flank.

Now, it so happened that the lost spear was a very special weapon which Podhu had got from a wizard. It was not meant to be used only to defend oneself when attacked. It was bound to destroy the enemy if one used it



only to defend oneself and not to attack. Orub had forgotten about it in his hurry to drive away the elephant horde.

When Podhu was back home and heard from Orub how his magic spear had been lost, he got more angry than Orub had expected.

"You fool, you have not only endangered our lives—for the elephants will come back any time to wreak their vengeance on us—but also you have lost my most precious possession. Now, we must part, for I don't want to see your face any more!" shouted Podhu.

"Brother, give me some time. I

will go out in search of the spear. I will try my best to bring it back, even if in the process I have to lose my life," said Orub.

"Go wherever you like. I am also leaving this place because I cannot let my family be trampled by the elephants," said Podhu with disgust. "Besides we should live separately so that we will not be able to raise a crop. If we raise a crop, we will make enemies with the elephants," Podhu added.

Orub and his wife left the place instantly. They walked in the direction in which the elephants had gone. They walked for a whole day, but did not see any elephant.

They came across a cosy valley, narrow but beautiful. They built a hut in it. Leaving his wife alone there, Orub resumed his quest.

After a long walk he met an old woman trying to chip a dry log, but gasping and sweating profusely. Orub took pity on her. He took her axe into his hands and chipped the log for her. "Here, take them home," he said.

"My son, you must be hungry. Why don't you come with me?" asked the old woman.

Orub was happy to go with her. She gave him food and he

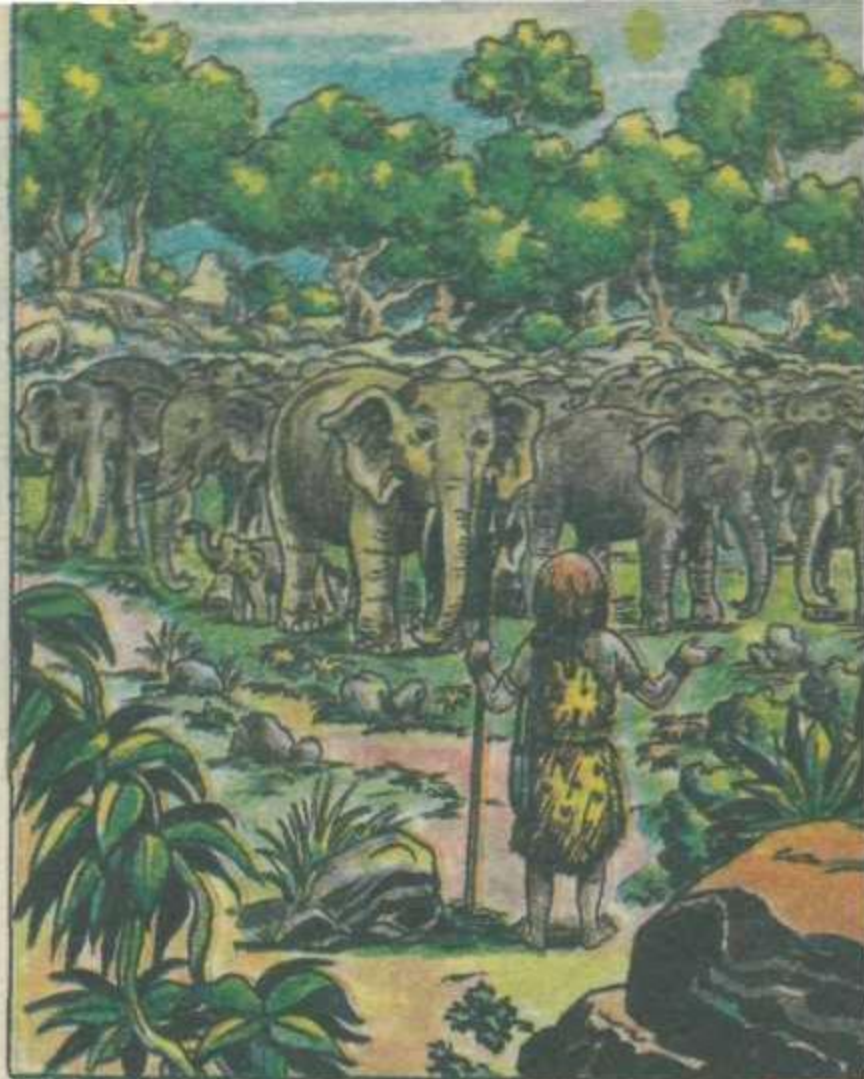
told her what his mission is.

The old woman thought for a moment. Then she said, "My son, I can tell you where the elephants are. And I can also assure you that the elephants have no violence or hatred in them. If they ate up your crop, it is because they cannot distinguish between the plants grown by Nature and those grown by men. However, since you have harmed one of them, they may charge at you the moment they see you. They may think that you have come to cause some greater harm to them."

"Then what should I do?" asked Orub.

The old woman gave him a pinch of dust folded in a leaf and said, "Keep this with you. Pluck some green grass and sprinkle a little of this on the grass and offer it to the leader of the elephants. The elephants do not refuse an offering. When the leader eats your grass, he will feel affectionate towards you."

Orub took the earth and thanked the woman and walked on. Soon he reached the domain of the elephants. He plucked some green grass and sprinkled half of the magic dust on it. Then he addressed the leader of the elephants and requested it to



accept his gift. Laying the grass in front of it, he folded his hands and said, "I have done great injustice to you by throwing a spear at one of you. Kindly forgive me. Pray, either return to me the spear, which belongs to my brother, or trample me under your feet."

The leader of the elephants had eaten the grass. He trumpeted and one of the elephants brought the spear, holding it in its trunk, and gave it to Orub. He knelt down and bowed to the elephants and then left for home. He and his wife then looked for his brother. At last when he located Podhu and returned the spear to



him, Podhu was delighted. While the two brothers talked, Podhu's little son took the small packet of magic dust from Orub's hand. Orub did not notice it. After sometime when Orub and his wife got ready to depart, Podhu's son insisted on going with them. Orub realised what had happened. The little one had swallowed the magic earth and that is

why felt most affectionate towards Orub!

"Brother, let me take your son. I promise that when I have a son, I will give him away to you," said Orub.

Podhu agreed to it. Till today their descendants follow their example. Brothers exchange their sons.

TWO ATTITUDES

The two little boys made a dash into the pond, but as they did not know how to swim, they were in great difficulty. In fact, they would have never come out had not their elder brother seen them on time, by chance. The elder brother jumped into the pond and rescued them.

"What is the lesson you learnt from this?" asked their father.

"I will never go into the deep water unless my elder brother is nearby," said one.

"I will never go into the deep water until I have learnt how to swim," said the other.





THE WICKED AND THE INNOCENT

Not far from the village of Mangalpur there was a forest. In a corner of the forest stood an old banyan tree. Two spirits had made the tree their home. They were goody-goody spirits. They did not harm anybody.

It was a summer noon and the two spirits were having a nap when the presence of a human being woke them up. They saw a hefty man hiding a bag in the hollow of the tree. They could understand that the bag contained gold coins.

"The fellow must have stolen the money. There is no other reason for him to hide it here," said one spirit. Both decided to follow him.

The fellow danced, sang and whistled merrily as he headed towards the village. The spirits felt quite amused.

The fellow reached his destination which was the house of one Laluji.

"Hello Dhumal, where were you? My bag with two hundred gold coins is missing. No doubt, I kept it inside this box!" said Laluji with great anxiety.

"Are you sure?" asked Dhumal, as if he was really surprised.

"Well, Mahidas gave me the money yesterday in the evening when we met at the market. I brought it home. Where else could have I kept it? He is to come today to take back the handnote he had given me against the money!" said Laluji.

"The bag cannot disappear from the box. My suspicion is, you forgot it somewhere in the market or on the road," observed Dhumal.

"I cannot rule out such possi-



bilities. But the fact is, I have lost two hundred gold coins!" said Laluji sadly.

"Why should you lose it? What proof is there that Mahidas gave you the money?" asked Dhumal meaningfully.

"I don't understand you," said Laluji, blinking.

"Sir, there are two parties to the deal. Am I right? Mahidas and yourself. Mahidas can say that he has given you the money. But unless you say that you have got it, the deal is not clinched! He has to pay you again unless he can prove that he had already given it to you. I am sure, he cannot prove it, because nobody

saw him giving any money to you!" explained Dhumal.

The idea appealed to Laluji. But he said, "Must we harass Mahidas?"

"Sir, you are so kind that you charged him the normal interest when he took the loan from you. He would have been obliged to pay a much higher interest had you demanded it, because he was in dire need of the money. What is wrong if now he pays the amount twice?"

Thus Dhumal managed to silence Laluji's conscience.

A little later Mahidas arrived and greeted Laluji and said, "Kindly return my handnote."

"Have you brought the money?" asked Laluji.

"Money? Did I not give it to you yesterday at the market?" asked Mahidas, astonished at Laluji's demand.

"You said that you would give it to me, but you did not really give it! How are you so forgetful?" said Laluji.

Mahidas looked on vacantly for a minute and said, "Sir, I am a poor man. Don't put me to such a test. Please hand over the document to me."

But Laluji and his assistant Dhumal threw the man out.

Mahidas went home,

extremely depressed. "What's the matter with you?" his wife asked him.

"I sold a piece of my land to Chandan Das to pay back my loan, but Laluji, the wicked fellow, denies having received the money. In other words, I lost my land for nothing!"

"How sad! How wicked of Laluji!" exclaimed his wife.

Suddenly there came a change over Mahidas's face. "Has Chandan Das taken away the receipt for the money he gave me?" Mahidas asked.

"No. He came a little while ago. But I did not know where the receipt was," said his wife.

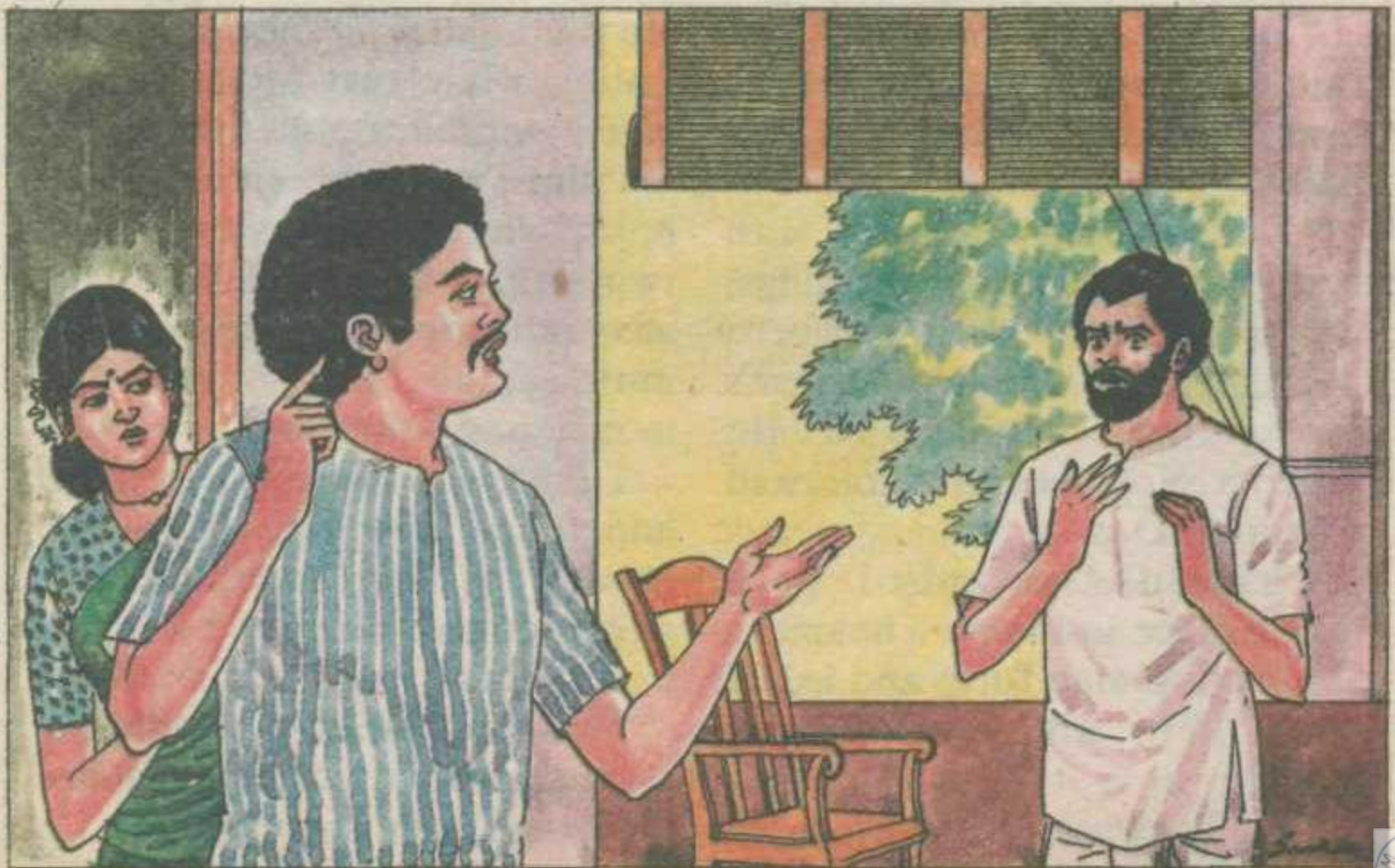
"Excellent!" said Mahidas. Just then he saw through the window that Chandan Das was approaching his house. He came out to the verandah and made a show of welcome to Chandan Das. "Come, Chandan, the receipt is ready. Tomorrow or day after we will go to the king's office. The land will be transferred to you officially."

"Very good"

"Have you brought the money!" asked Mahidas.

"Money? What money are you talking of?" asked Chandan Das, taken aback.

"Chandan, you don't expect to own my land without paying a





price, do you?"

"Did I not pay you yesterday?"

"You are very forgetful. You said that you would give me the money. But you didn't give it really!" said Mahidas.

Chandan Das argued with him, but to no avail. Mahidas, drove him out of his house.

The two spirits saw how one's mischief was contaminated into another. Now the spirits followed Chandan Das.

Chandan Das retired to a lonely place and wept. The spirits assumed human form and asked him, "Why are you shedding tears?"

"Well, it was my fond dream to

buy a piece of land. For long twenty-five years I saved money till the amount became two hundred gold coins, enough to serve my purpose. I handed over the amount to Mahidas who announced that he intended to sell a piece of land. Now he says that he had not received any money from me."

"Don't be so sad. Here is an amount of two hundred gold coins. We will accompany you as witnesses. Pay this amount to him and obtain a receipt."

The spirits gave him the money. Chandan Das went with them to Mahidas, gave him the money and got a receipt. Mahidas was surprised, but happy too. He went and paid the amount to Lалуji, while two of his neighbours stood witnesses to the deal.

Láluji was just entering his house with the money-bag when two sepoys stopped him. "You are summoned by the judge. You must come along with the money-bag," they said.

Láluji was surprised, but he had to go with the sepoys. In front of the judge stood a number of people including the two spirits in human form.

"Láluji, these two gentlemen complain that you snatched away their bag!" said the judge.

"How strange! I have never known them!" exclaimed Luluji.

"It is not necessary to know someone in order to strip him of his money!" said the judge. Then turning towards the strangers, he asked, "Can you prove that this is your money?"

"Yes, sir. The gold coins bear impressions of a banyan tree," said the spirits.

It was found to be true. Ordinary gold coins did not have such impressions. "Luluji! You shall be punished!" said the judge.

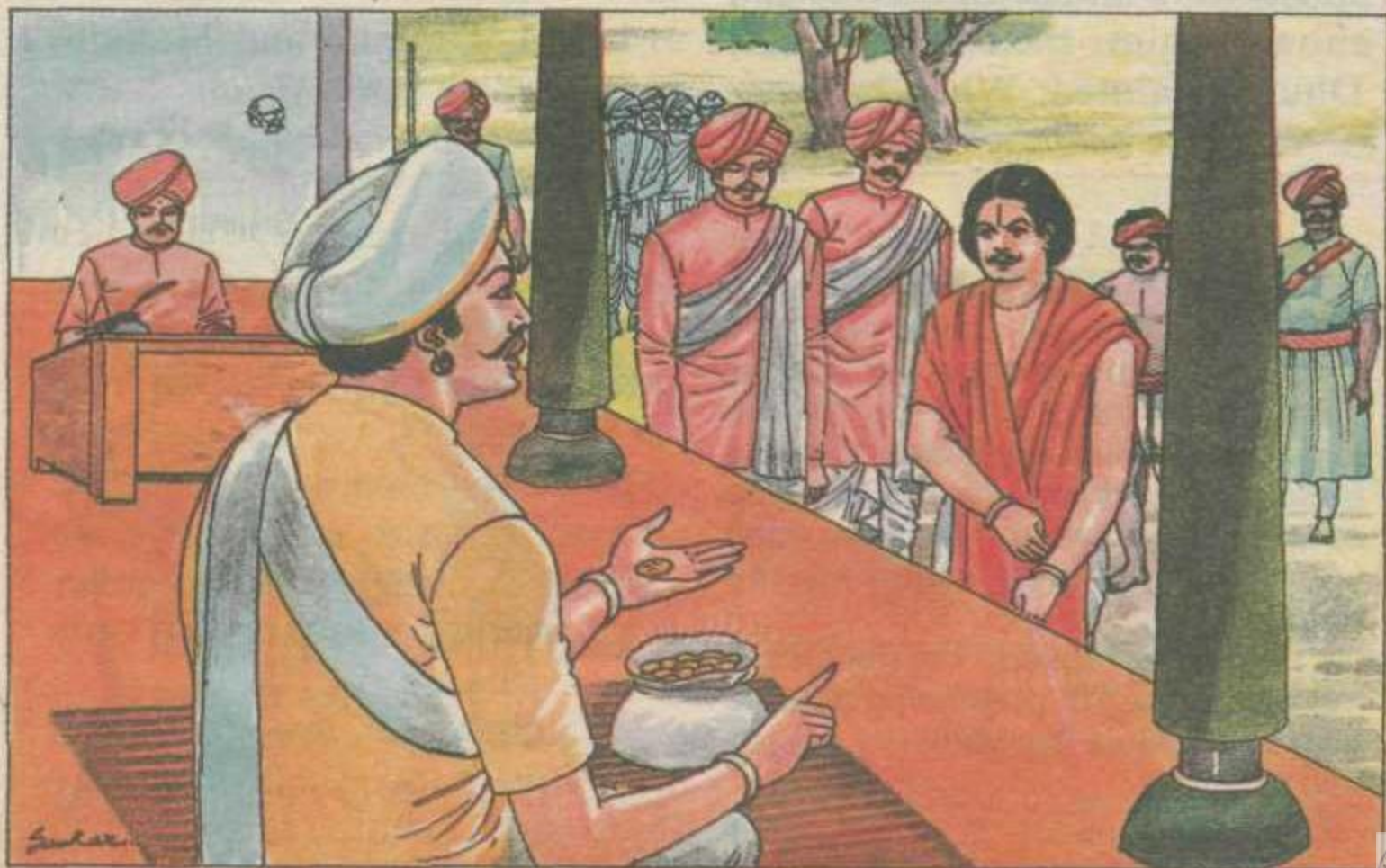
"Pardon me, sir, these coins were given to me by Mahidas!" said Luluji in a broken voice.

Mahidas was summoned. He

said, "Sir, I received these coins from Chandan Das!"

Said Chandan Das, "Sir, because Mahidas was unkind to me, these two gentlemen gave me this money." Then he narrated all that had happened. Mahidas confessed to his mischief, but said that he had done to Chandan what Luluji had done to him. Luluji confessed his mischief but said that he behaved like that because his money had been stolen.

Said the spirits, "See, how foolish and wicked this Luluji is. Money was stolen from his house. Instead of trying to catch the thief, he became almost a





bandit and extracted money from Mahidas. Inspired by his example, Mahidas became cruel towards poor Chandan! We can trace the stolen money, but on condition that the thief would be severely punished.

Dhumal was nervous. The two spirits took him behind a tree and showed him their real form! Dhumal fainted. When he reco-

vered, he confessed to stealing the money!

The money was recovered from the hollow of the banyan tree. At the request of the spirits, that money went to Chandan Das. The coins the spirits had given disappeared.

Laluji, Dhumal and Mahidas were thrown into prison.

A MOTHER'S WORK

A young girl watched her mother dust the furniture, wash the dishes, and vacuum the rugs, and thinking of how many times she did this type of work, she asked, "Mother, don't you ever get tired cleaning the house?"

The mother replied, "I'm not cleaning the house. I'm preserving a home with living souls like you."

★





THE COURTEOUS STRANGER

The king was in the forest for hunting. He was accompanied by his minister and the commander of his army as well as his attendants.

His attendants set up tents for the king to rest at noon. The king took bath in a spring and sat down under a tree. As he was waiting for his attendants to bring him his lunch, a man came towards him and said, "My lord, I am a traveller from the neighbouring country. I lost my way and I am tired. May the king be kind to me."

"Take it," said the king, giving him a coin.

"My lord, please keep it with you," said the man, trying to return it to the king. But the king was annoyed. He said, "Take it and leave us in peace"

The man went away, but came back a little later. "My lord,

pardon me, but this is a counterfeit coin. Give me another one," he said.

"I don't have another coin with me," said the king quite annoyed. "Get out of my sight."

"My lord, I shall be grateful if you let me return the coin to you," said the man. He then kept the coin near the king's feet and departed.

"How naughty this fellow is! And how irritating is his conduct!" the king commented looking at his minister.

"My lord, his conduct, no doubt, was irritating, but he may not be naughty. I feel that he is wiser than he looks," observed the minister.

At once the king sent his attendants to call the traveller. The traveller returned and greeted the king.

"Why did you say that you will



be grateful if the king takes back the counterfeit coin? If it would not be useful to you, how is it going to be useful to the king?" asked the minister.

"Sir, the coin would have been a burden for me. I could not have passed it on to anybody, for that would have amounted to cheating. But what is important, I wanted the king to be conscious of the fact that counterfeit coins are being minted in his kingdom. Had I not returned it to the king, I would have felt guilty for failing in my duty. That is why I said that I will be grateful if the king

took it back," replied the traveller.

"But you were unwilling to take the coin even before you knew that it was fake!" said the minister.

"Right. But that is for a different reason. When I said that I was tired and the king may be kind to me, I expected food, not a coin. Where can I buy food in the jungle?" explained the man.

The king was deeply impressed. He gave away his precious necklace to the traveller and also asked his attendants to serve him food.

THE MAGIC CHAMBER

The little Bablu had his first experience of the lift in a hotel. Back home, he narrated his experience to his pals. "The lift is a little magic chamber. We entered it and pressed the number 10. Lo and behold, a minute or two later when we opened the chamber's door, we found that the tenth floor had come down to meet us!"





DAYARAM'S EXPERIMENTS

Dayaram, the wealthy farmer, had three sons. All the three young men were intelligent and educated, but none of them wished to follow his father's path. They wanted to go into the trading business.

But Dayaram did not like their plan.

"Either you should take up agriculture like me, or you should do something noble or something new. We do not have any dearth of businessmen in our country," he told his sons.

"Very well, father, we will do as you advise," one day the sons told Dayaram.

Dayaram was very pleased. He had many friends. Among them was a famous writer, a well-known politician and a religious teacher. Dayaram sent his eldest son to the writer, his second son to the politician and the third son

to the religious teacher, a sage.

The writer did his best to inspire a zeal for creative writing in the heart of the young man. The young man appeared to be very attentive at the beginning, but soon it was seen that he was doing something very new. He befriended the numerous young writers who came to the famous one. "Let us all contribute to bringing out a collection of our writings in print. Each of us would have a hundred copies of the book and sell and get back our money," he proposed without his teacher's knowledge. The young writers handed over their shares of the cost to him. The young man got the book printed at a cheaper cost and kept half of the money for himself. Again, he printed sufficient number of copies so that he had five hundred copies with him after

giving a hundred copies to each contributor.

When his teacher, the famous writer, learnt about this, he called Dayaram and said, "My friend, pay heed to my advice. Put your son in business. He is not meant to be a writer."

The political leader tried to inspire the spirit of patriotism in the heart of Dayaram's second son. "All my life I have served the country. I am so happy that you propose to carry forward my banner!" he told the young man.

The young man showed signs of sincere allegiance to him, but within six months the politician learnt that he has received thousands of rupees as reward from different people with promises to plead their cases with the leader.

The leader called Dayaram and said, "My friend, your son is

not meant to be a politician. He is a trader in politics. Better put him in some business."

The third son showed great reverence to the religious teacher. The old sage was happy that a young and intelligent person was taking keen interest in religion and philosophy. But soon he learnt that the young man had raised handsome subscriptions from his wealthy disciples, saying, "The guru is too modest to ask you for money. But we must have a temple in his honour."

The sage summoned Dayaram and said, "My friend, your worthy son is best suited for business, not for anything else."

Dayaram gave all his sons sufficient money to start their trades. They were very happy. Indeed, in a year's time each one of them emerged quite successful!

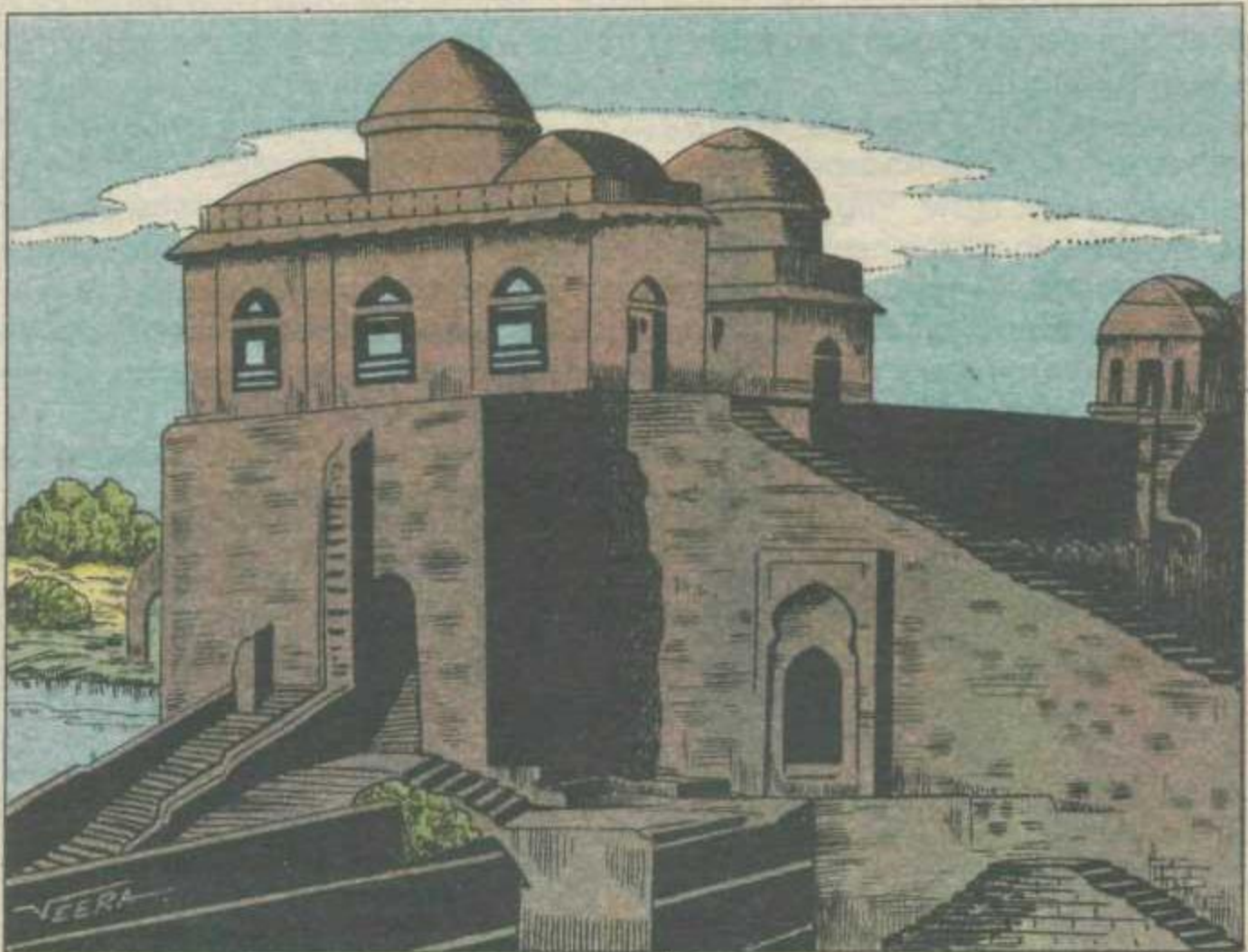


MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE JAHAZ MAHAL

Nestling in the Vindhya Valley, Mandu is a charming town in Madhya Pradesh. It was the Capital of Malwa in the 11th century. Later, it was occupied by several other ruling dynasties. The last independent king of Mandu was Baz Bahadur. The story of Baz Bahadur and his wife Roopmati is famous.

Amidst the ruins of the ancient buildings at Mandu stands Jahaz Mahal, a palace that resembles a ship. There are two lakes on two sides of the palace and in moonlit nights the palace, mirrored on the waters, looks magnificent. It is believed that the palace staff consisted of ladies only.



ALLUSIONS

K. Sarath Chandra of Kurnool has come across the expression *Dante's Inferno* in a short story. He wishes to know its meaning. Rukmini Patil of Bombay would like to know what is meant by *Allusion*.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) was a great Italian poet. His work *The Divine Commedia* (The Divine Comedy) is a work of profound literary merit. *Inferno* in Italian means hell and it is the title of one section of the book. The author of the story in which the phrase is used might have tried to describe a situation which is as horrible as hell described by Dante.

Such references are called Allusions. They do not explain the meaning of the phrase or the word, but the reader is expected to be able to remember the idea associated with the word. When a writer says, "In my search for a helper, I found a Shylock," he alludes to the character in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. What was the nature of Shylock? In Shakespeare's words:

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

We are to understand that the author met a cruel man who might have given him money, but at high interest rate or with some such condition which was inhuman.

"How is the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" asked a friend to one of our ambassadors who had been sent to negotiate with a foreign power on a delicate issue. Now, *Pilgrim's Progress* is a famous book by John Bunyan (1628-1688) in which he describes the experiences of a seeker who is out to reach a spiritual goal. The seeker has to face many ordeals on the way. When the friend alludes to the title of the book in connection with the ambassador's mission, he implies that the mission is noble, but there were difficulties in its fulfilment.

Most of the phrases allude to certain mythological or historical event or to some character or incident described in a work of literature.





Who is the leading industrialist in the world?

—Anjali Gujral, Ludhiana

Not individuals, but several companies or organisations are leading enterprises in different fields. The largest computer firm is IBM or International Business Machines Corp. The largest Steel producers are Nippon Steel of Japan and the largest car manufacturing company is General Motors Corp (Detroit). By the way, the largest employer in the world is the Indian Railways.

What exactly are the flying saucers which three Brazilian pilots saw?

—Sheik Piru, Salapadiha.

It is not known for certain what such phenomena are. That is why the scientists term as Unidentified Flying Objects.

Conjectures about them run along these lines: (i) they are vehicles from some planets from the outer space surveying our earth (ii) they are instruments of some secret experiments by one of the super powers. (iii) they are spy air-ships of one of the super-powers, (iv) they are hallucinations or mirage-like projections of some objects somewhere on the earth, (v) they are atmospheric formations with wind, light, vapour or cloud and (vi) they are supernatural manifestations.

What is light year?

—A. Girish Kumar, Madras.

It is a unit of distance used in astronomy, equal to the distance travelled by light in one year: approximately 6,000,000,000,000 miles.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



Pranlal K. Patel

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for April '89 goes to:—

C. L. Rao,
44, Behind Sri Raghavendra
Swami Temple, Srinagar,
Bangalore-560 050.

The Winning Entry:— "Carefree Repose" & "Joyful Pose"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

In whose heart dwells the Truth, in his heart dwells the Lord Himself.

—*Kabir*

One should speak the truth and speak it pleasingly; one should not speak untruth because it happens to be pleasing.

—*Dharma Sutra*

If God is not for the sincere, for whom is He?

—*Ramanuja*

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of the greatest Indian epic

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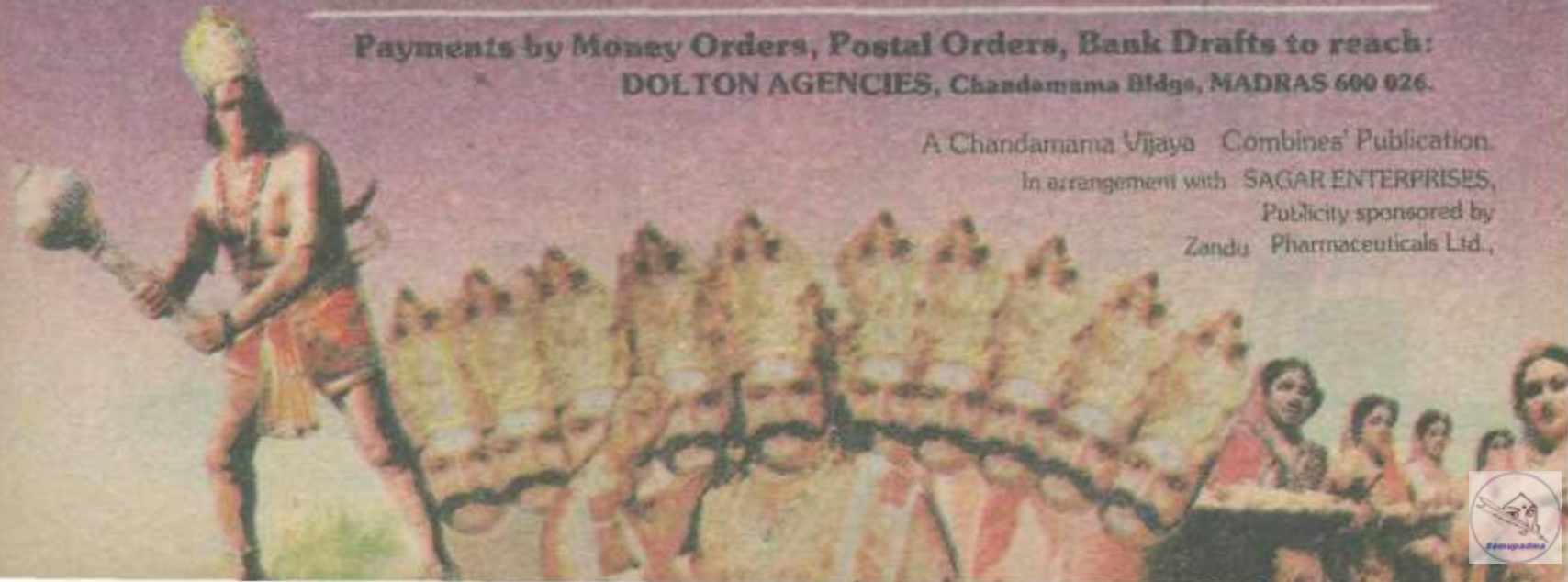
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